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A REPLY

TO THE

Speech of the Hon. Edward Blake

AGAINST

The Orange Incorporation Bill

BY

J. ANTISELL ALLEN

Protestantism first ; Politics after.

KINGSTON

1884

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PREFACE.

It may seem presumptuous on my part to enter the lists against the Hon. Edward Blake, but truth is such a counterpoise to the most splendid abilities and strongest reasoning powers, that with it on my side I may dare to encounter the most formidable opponent. Indeed, the argument by which Mr. Blake seeks to fortify one main position is a mere rope of sand, which crumbles on being touched; for, as I hope to show, the statements of Catholic dignitaries, even if they did not contradict each other, which they do, carry little, if any, weight of authority, in the final settlement of any question; whilst his argument against Orangeism comes to little more than this, that Orangemen must be a bad lot, because the majority of them in Ontario voted persistently against him, and some of them treated him badly; and that the system which embraces within it, as he affirms, so many bad members must be inherently vicious; forgetting that this same argument would be disallowed by him if employed with respect to Christianity itself.

But there are some portions of this pamphlet not so much intended as a reply to Mr. Blake, as to show what our Protestant position is, and how impregnable. But it may be said, look at the great men who uphold Catholicism. But who are great men? Because a man is prompt and energetic and well-educated, can speak well, write well, argue well on *given* premises, is he therefore a great man? On the contrary, he may be essentially a small man. He may lack that fundamental of all true intellect—clear common sense. By common sense I mean that power of discerning the substantial from the shadowy, the true from the false—the power which lays hold, by a kind of moral intuition, of the real soul or principle of the thing presented, and which recognizes the interior, higher, spiritual forces which underlie the material and the outward, and which are as the living germ in the kernel to the mere outer husk or shell—an insight like that of Christ, which, when confronting the stupidity equally of the unlearned disciples and of the learned scribes, enabled him to put his finger on the quick of the matter; which makes the purity of the motive the centre round which every thing revolves, and by which every action is hallowed; which detects in the widow's mite the largeness of the heart; which sees in the action of the despised Samaritan the real and only brotherhood—the brotherhood of the soul, and so puts to flight for ever the narrow bigotry of caste; which perceives that it is not the outward but the inward—not what enters into the stomach, but what comes out of the heart—that God recognises as of value, or condemns as crime; that the human spirit is God's temple where only worship is done, and that Jerusalem, or Samaria, or Lambeth, or Rome has little to do with the true work of the human heart.

Without this gift of insight—this endowment of common sense—blind as owls at noonday, our Newmans and our Mannings go through life, stumbling over every stone, and knocking their heads against every post, and missing their way at every step, shouting, all the time, that they only know the right way; teaching in the name of Christ the very things that Christ came to deliver us from; and propounding—in language chaste, and ornate, and, at times, most beautiful, I allow,—the most puerile things as though the result of the profoundest wisdom.

And why this? Because they are mere leaners, and lack that first requisite of the thinker, true sense or clear insight—that best foundation of right

judgment. This is the fatal flaw which mars their work, and for the lack of which no amount of education can ever compensate. A close observer of human nature tells us—I don't profess to quote the very words—that education is a good thing to have in the upper stories, if only there be common sense in the ground floor. This my intercourse with men leads me to endorse wholly. Next to the endowment of a high moral sense, that of true insight is the highest gift of nature.

I beg to say here that I have throughout my pamphlet taken the liberty of employing "feeble *italics*," whether so found in the passages quoted or not. If in any place I have spoken warmly, it is because I have felt warmly. Civil and religious liberty, the great conquest of Protestantism, is far too dear to me to be spoken of in cold terms; but if anywhere I seem to have spoken too warmly, I hope I may be pardoned. Everywhere I have aimed at speaking what I believed to be the truth in the plain language that truth requires.

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A Reply to Mr. Blake's Famous Speech on Orangeism.

Of no man can it be pronounced with certainty how he will act under a complete change of circumstances, and no man has so fully sounded the depths of his own nature that he can predict it even of himself. We remember who said, in his burst of indignant sincerity and outraged self-respect, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing," and yet, when the occasion served, he did it. We recall Peter, too—his prospective self-confidence, and his terrible break down when the trial came. Even high-natured men have gone to great extremes in wrong doing, when, under pressure, they have once allowed themselves to slide. Indeed, it has passed into a proverb that *corruptio optimi pessima est*. Hence I argue that things however seemingly impossible at present or in the future, but which were the merest commonplaces in the past, may again be repeated; for history teaches us that we are very much the playthings of circumstances, and that no man can say with certainty how he, much more how others, will act under wholly changed conditions. Have we any guarantee then, that, under no possible circumstances, could persecution rear again its horrid crest? Are there even no indications that a lack of power alone prevents a revival of the old policy? Or have we not had sufficient warning, and good grounds for believing, that the Arch-enemy of the rights of conscience and of man has not only not retracted one ancient claim, but has shown us that, while lingering lovingly over the past, he contemplates hopefully a revival of it in the future.

But, it may be replied, men can never be again the brutes they once were. And yet I know not what good grounds there are for believing that human nature has undergone any essential change, or that we moderns are in inward structure very different from those who went before us. Only think what a beautiful dream of a noble and gentle soul was the *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More. What generous sentiments breathe throughout it, and what a humane spirit was that of its saintly author—peace on earth and goodwill towards men—and in the society of his friends, and, in the bosom of his refined and charming family, as he talked sweetly and smilingly with Erasmus, when the angelic nature was uppermost, who could have dreamt what a slumbering volcano of bigotry and cruelty and fiery impatience of contradiction was there, ready to burst forth into devastating hatred and persecution, only coated over with the thin self-deception of a zeal for Christ, forgetting that "The wrath of man worketh not

the righteousness of God." How could, I say, any one who had read his beautiful picture of an ideal society not be struck with the thought of what a gentle and philanthropic spirit tenanted such a bosom as his; and yet—for man is a kind of moral Centaur, part God and part Devil; in his lowest thoughts, motives, and feelings he comes near the fiend; but rouse his highest nature, and a God, he battles 'gainst a universe of wrong—this pattern man, in the very teeth of the express commands of Christ to the contrary, was so dominated by a pseudo-christianity hardened into a concrete of sacerdotalism and tradition, which had gradually supplanted the religion of Christ and Paul, that, though so capable of higher things, he had become at once a bitter persecutor, and the urgent advocate of persecution. Such is the warping influence of a false theory of religion, illustrating the old adage that *corruptio optimi pessima est*. Truly had Christ told his disciples, when, in their untutored zeal for his honour, they were for calling down fire from heaven to consume those who rejected Him, "You know not what manner of spirit you are of: the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives."

No, my readers; words spoken in the holiday attire of the soul when we are at our best; or when we are on our guard; or when spoken for the purpose of placation, are not to be held to override the actions that speak louder than words, especially when those actions are accompanied by the cool declarations of the bad, steady principles in which they originate.

And as I know what those actions have been, and what those principles ever have been, and now are, not as Mr. Blake knows them, from the convenient and ever shifting utterances of unauthorised bishops or underlings, how high soever, of the church, but from the highest authority, from very infallibility itself, so is there a wide gulf which my soul refuses, because unable, to pass, that separates the splendid rhetoric of Mr. Blake from the inexorable logic of historic fact; and this, too, much and often, as I say to myself, oh, that I could pass to the other side, and believe as he would fain persuade me to. For could I but believe what Mr. Blake's argument implies to be the very heart of Popery towards us heretics; could I believe that the Pope—and the Pope is *now* Catholicism—has been converted into an advocate, or even a convinced non-opponent, of freedom of conscience, freedom of speech, and free institutions; that he regards persecution as a crime, and toleration of honestly maintained religious opinions as not only a human right, but a solemn human duty; that he abhors, as unchristian and demoniacal, Inquisitions, and *autos da fe*, and the stake, and the rack, and all the horrible and revolting enginery of a misguided and pitiless past; and had won over to his infallible opinion the cardinals and bishops and priests and people of his church; and would himself

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declare that henceforth men might breathe freely, and face with honest minds the problem of the world, my heart would bound with a great joy; and whatever and however strange might be the religious gogmas of Catholics, however unlike the christianity of the New Testament, however contrary to my reason and common sense, yet my soul would be drawn towards him and them by a boundless sympathy; and my mind—no longer troubled about the future of our poor humanity—I could repose in peace, unvexed henceforth by distracting doubt and pity for my kind.

I have been wont, however, I confess, judging Rome by history and her unchanging declarations, to regard the Papal despotism as the most insidious, constant, and dangerous enemy to honest, independent thought, free institutions, free speech, and freedom of worship; but I am informed by Mr. Blake that I was wholly mistaken, and that she has become, if she ever was otherwise, tolerant and harmless, and, if not the avowed friend, the opponent no longer of freedom and political fair play.

But though I thought in this way in regard to the SYSTEM of Popery, I did not believe that the mass of Catholic PEOPLE shared with their accredited teachers their opinions, or even believed that they held them at all; but I feel that, in the event of any great opportunity of reviving the old *status* of the Church of the Middle Ages, of any great (to them) favorable crisis in human affairs ever occurring, such as, say, some new revocation of the Edict of Nantes, accompanied by the power to bend others to their will or to break them by it, Catholic laymen would have to choose between the fearful alternative of joining in a general crusade against all who differed from Rome in opinion, and of using *force* (and we know what that means) to achieve their ends; or, else, of abandoning their church, which, in their opinion, would seem almost, if not altogether, equivalent to the abandonment of Christianity itself.

And though the best feelings of the Catholic layman and of many a priest and bishop of that church, their sense of justice, and their human pity would rise up instinctively against it, and though the whole spirit and genius of Christianity is opposed to it, yea, and the express commands of Christ, yet the church's dictum would have, I fear, to be carried into execution, and even Edward Blake would have to go or to recant, and many a gentle Sir Thomas More to give in his adhesion, spite of all his Utopias. For when once the demon of priestcraft has taken possession of a man, when he is cock-sure (excuse the vulgarism) that he knows intimately the whole counsels of the Deity, his plans and purposes in all their details, that he is a Vice-God on earth, the very mouthpiece of the Eternal, the foundation is laid broad for bigotry and intolerance and cruelty, and when impatience of contradiction and an imperious will—very human attributes—are added, persecution is almost certain to be the result. Again, look at Sir Thomas

More among his chosen friends, what a picture does he not present of beautiful patriarchal amiability and affection, and how instinctively, as we hear his name, do these traits rise up in our minds; yet such is the warping effect of this cock-sureness and priestly bigotry, that this man could be changed into the bitterest and most relentless persecutor of men whose opinions differed from his own, and who dared to utter, in behalf of humanity, what they believe, and what Mr. Blake believes, to be the most precious truths of God. I am afraid, indeed I am sure, Mr. Blake would not have escaped skin-whole, and that it would have been far better for him to be among Orangemen at such a time. How would he like the fate of Sir Thomas Hytton, burnt at the stake for uttering honestly his belief, while Sir Thomas More (his gentle nature soured and curdled by the acid of priestcraft) could even mock at his sufferings, crying out, "And this, lo, is Sir Thomas Hytton, the Devil's stinking martyr, of whose burning Tyndale maketh boast." And when another was burnt to death for not holding the views of More, More exclaims—for of course he knew exactly everything about it—such is the effect of this beautiful cock-sureness—"The poor wretch (Tewksbury) lieth now in hell... and Tyndale (*i.e.*, the translator of the Bible) if he do not amend in time, he is like to find him, when they come together, a hot firebrand burning at his back, that all the water in the world will not be able to quench." Why did not Infallibility, *semper eadem*, cry out against all this monstrous cruelty and pitiless crime. Why did Mr. Blake's new friend, the Pope, sit silent by or not silent, while all this was going on. Has he or his successor (all infallible; so that whatever one has approved of, all approve of to the end of time) ever once lifted his voice against Inquisitions and heretic-burnings and all the frightful wholesale murders of high-souled men and innocent women and children, *when one word from him would have stopped it all*. And remember, the Pope is a continuous personality, possessed of the same perpetual and inherent powers and the same infallibility, so that what one utters authoritatively is equally the utterance of all that come after him, and equally binding a thousand years hence as it was yesterday. It was a fatal gift—fatal to the poor world and to the Pope himself in many ways—this shirt of a Dejanira. But such is the sure result when poor, feeble, finite man thrusts himself into the judgment-seat of the Eternal. He believes he knows the very heart of God, when he really knows less than nothing. As it is written, "I kept silence (and), thou thoughtest I was altogether (such a one) as thyself." Even when fulminating his anathemas and persecuting to the death the very heroes of humanity, he is cock-sure that he is doing right. Like the poor blundering disciples in their foolish, heated overzeal, he would fain pluck up the tares from among the wheat; but is rebuked by the emphatic command of Christ, "let them

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both (tares and wheat) *grow up together till the harvest*," "at the end of the world," when "God will send his angels, who will sever the evil from among the good," and no mistake be possible. Such are every where in the New Testament the rebukes of the persecuting spirit. But infallibility knew nothing of all this—worse than nothing of Christ and Christianity. And yet infallibility says, I am the authoritative mouthpiece of the Most High; and this, too, in spite of all the world-wide misery, throughout the ages, they have entailed on humanity. They thought that God was altogether such as they were. This translating backwards our thoughts into the thoughts of God, and, so, thinking that he is as we are—actuated by our motives, governed by our principles—and being cock-sure about the whole system and ends of Providence—this infallibility, I say, is the great danger to the world. This it is that changes the gentle Sir Thomas Mores of human nature into human tigers, this that has turned our fair world into one huge Aceldama—a field of blood.

Cock-sureness, what crimes art thou not responsible for in this world of ours.

It was the resolve to free themselves from many of the effects of this cock-sureness descending from the hierarchy down to the masses of the world, that Orangeism, in some form or other, is to be assigned. Had there never been persecution, Orangeism would never have been invented; but in this, as in so many other cases, *necessity was the mother of invention*. To the determination to defend themselves, their wives and their little ones from blood and torture, Orangeism owes its birth. To be prepared, a few among many, to meet the foe, they had to band together in self-defence. To know on whom they could depend, they had to form themselves into a compact union, and, to make their union the more binding, they confirmed it by an oath of Loyalty to the Government, the Protestant religion, the Protestant succession, and to one another (not in aggression but) in self-defence. It was, say, a dangerous precedent, a desperate remedy, but, then, they were dangerous and desperate times. But it may be said, why continue the institution? We live in milder days. The school-master is abroad, and the foundations of belief are beginning to be better understood. Even Catholics are getting to be largely imbued with the belief that it is wrong to persecute a man for an honestly held opinion, and bishops and priests speak, if falteringly and guardedly, of a mutual half-recognition of the rights of men to their own faith, and, perhaps, if the truth could be fairly got at, even the Pope may have caught a glimmer of the truth. For is it so, that he must be always less than man.

But Orangemen think—and surely they are as much entitled to their opinions as Mr. Blake is to his—that, so long as the old menacing attitude is observed, and the old claims to universal obedience pressed with the olden assurance and pertinacity, and

the infallibility of the one-man-power urged on the one hand, and, on the other, accepted with a unanimity unheard of in the history of the church, the danger is ever present, and the need of their organization an ever abiding need. And though, personally, I am not in favour of secret societies, considering them dangerous as precedents even at their best, yet this is only my opinion, to which I am entitled only as much as they are to theirs. Even Mr. Blake allows that secret societies may possibly be, under special conditions, a necessity. But he believes that there is nothing now in the special conditions of society that makes the Orange organization any thing but an intolerable nuisance. But that is only the private opinion of Mr. Blake, while Orangemen take the opposite view. I myself, and I think Orangemen, generally, too, would be glad to see ALL secret societies dissolve themselves, provided that the great secret organization, with its many sub-organizations, of the Catholic Church dissolved itself too. But they are afraid to expose themselves naked and defenceless, while the other, with its secret hosts of Ultramontanes and Jesuits and private conclaves of all kinds, with the priest's ear at the confessional drinking-in the secrets of all hearts, and his tongue there to whisper what advice he will, refuses to lay down his arms. And are they not entitled to their opinion?

I myself prefer what is open and above board. This is, right or wrong, my speculative opinion. Far better, I think, instil into men's minds, and build them up in, the immutable principles of everlasting right, and, so, make them strong in intellect and character, that they may be able to stand firm and undaunted, in solid phalanx, in defence of sacred right. When a whole people learn these things, when they get imbedded in their moral economy, and saturate their daily thinking, then they are invincible, and need not the aid of secret organizations. But when one great overshadowing society, with innumerable minor societies at her beck and call, is a vast standing menace, the temptation is great to seize the weapon next to hand, and to use it as best they can; not as the best thing, but as the best for *them*, they think, under their present conditions. And for thinking so and for acting on their principles, avowing no ill-will to any Catholic and doing no injury to them or any one, are they to be politically ostracised to suit the convenience of Mr. Blake? I lately went to see a suffering Roman Catholic and countryman, and as I sat by his bedside, pained at his pain, an Orangeman came in to see him, and their greeting was as hearty, and their manner to each other as mutually genial and neighbourly, as if they were actuated by the same religious principles; and why should it not be so? Why should not men think differently and vote differently, and yet be good friends, and, in times of need, warm one another by their sympathy, and help with their means. I have a *very* dear friend, a Roman Catholic, I have Roman Catholic relatives, and I think

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they would not say that my affection to them or my interest in their welfare was lessened, because they were Catholics. I am not myself an Orangeman, nor have I ever belonged to any secret society, but, as I am not seized of all possible wisdom, I allow others to act for themselves. I am a free-trader, and may therefore be considered to be on the side of the party with which Mr. Blake acts, but I am a free-trader down to my heels, convinced and thorough-going, and far different from Mr. Blake, for, when the crisis came, he wavered uncertain and did his party great injury, but I never wavered for an hour.

I wish to be understood, and must therefore say, I am no more afraid of Roman Catholics, *if left to themselves*, than Mr. Blake is; but I am afraid of the *system*; for should the tocsin ever sound thus, "If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, follow him," I should tremble for the result, anticipating the feebleness of the resistance of the gentle Sir Thomas Mores of such a day, lest, like him, they might become the apologists for the new tyranny, and seek out, as he did, texts of Scripture to extinguish pity and stifle humanity and natural conscience, and so harden themselves to their work.

And here let me quote for Mr. Blake's consideration, the great English Puritan, one of the greatest parliamentarians and constitutionalists that ever lived, and one of the wisest and most tolerant and far-seeing of men, the great John Pym. Speaking in the famous parliament of 1640, he uttered these words: "By this means a dangerous party is cherished and increased, who are ready to close with any opportunity of disturbing the peace and safety of the state. Yet he did not desire any new laws against Popery, or any rigorous courses in the execution of those already in force; he was far from seeking the ruin of their persons or estates; only he wished they might be kept in such a condition as should restrain them from doing hurt. It may be objected that there are moderate and discreet men amongst them, men of estates, such as have an interest in the peace and prosperity of the kingdom as well as we. These were not to be considered according to *their own disposition, but according to the nature of the body whereof they are parties*. The planets have several and particular motions of their own, *yet are they all rapt and transported into a contrary course by the superior orb which comprehends them all*." So, he adds, "the Pope's command will move them *against their own private disposition, yea, against their own reason and judgment, to obey him*."

Now this was the deliberate judgment of one of the coolest brains in England—of a student of history and of man, who, looking at his subject on all sides of it, and weighing well every fact in its every aspect, drew the only conclusion he thought warranted by the facts. And if this subtle and powerful athlete can find no means of escaping the toils of the retiarius, is it to be

wondered at if a few uninstructed Orangemen feel sometimes impatient and inclined to snap their fingers at it all. But then, *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*, even, possibly, Mr. Blake.

Was this conclusion of the great Pym the result of ancient prejudice? We shall see presently. Mr. Gladstone lately published a pamphlet with the object mainly of proving that the late Vatican decree of infallibility, and of the obligation of passive submission in all things to the will of the Pontiff on the part of every Catholic, had changed the whole aspect of Catholicism towards the civil rulers of every country; and that "the world at large...are entitled on purely civil grounds to expect from Roman Catholics some declaration or manifestation of opinion, in reply to that ecclesiastical party in their church, who have laid down, in their name, principles adverse to the purity and integrity of civil government." He also showed that at the period when a generous public wished to grant Catholic Emancipation, and when some Protestants, taking these views of Mr. Pym, got alarmed, "the eminent and able Bishop Doyle did not scruple to write as follows:" "We are taunted with the proceedings of Popes. What, my Lord, have we Catholics to do with the proceedings of Popes, or why should we be made accountable for them?" Now this might seem to lead to the inference that British Protestants were by these representations deceived, or misled, and many of them were, so, misled as to what the doctrines of Catholicism really were. But argues Lord Acton, a Catholic nobleman—this you will see a little further on—they ought not to have been misled by any private Bishop of the Catholic Church, for that these were no new doctrines, and that the late Vatican Decrees had not really altered the aspect of Catholicism towards the world, [they had only brought out in bolder relief and emphasised the old doctrine] and that, therefore, Mr. Gladstone (and we add, Mr. Blake) ought to have been more deeply read in the true history of the views and aims of the church and of the Popes, and that, so, neither he nor indeed any rightly educated Protestant ought to have been so easily imposed on by the private opinions of Catholic prelates, or of any one else, when the whole full tides of Catholicism ran the other way.

Now the question which Lord Acton had to answer was, as adopted and expressed in his own letter, the following: "How shall we persuade the Protestants that we are not acting in defiance of honour and good faith if, having declared that infallibility was not an article of our faith, while we were contending for our rights, we should, now that we have got what we wanted, withdraw from our public declaration, and affirm the contrary."

Lord Acton writes:

"Dear Mr. Gladstone, the doctrines against which you are contending did not BEGIN with the Vatican Council. At the time when the Catholic oath was repealed, the Pope had the same right

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and power to excommunicate those who denied his authority to *depose princes* that he possesses now. The writers most esteemed at Rome held that doctrine as *an article of faith*; a modern Pontiff has affirmed that it cannot be abandoned without *taint of heresy*, and that those who questioned and restricted his authority in *temporal matters*, were *worse* than those that rejected it in spirituals, and accordingly men suffered *death for this cause* as others did for blasphemy and atheism. I will explain my meaning by an example. A Pope who lived in Catholic times, and who is famous in history as the author of the first crusade, decided that it is no murder to *kill excommunicated persons*. This rule was incorporated in the *Canon Law*. . . . It appears in every reprint of the "*Corpus Juris*." It has been for 700 years, and *continues to be*, part of the Ecclesiastical law. Far from having been a *dead letter*, it obtained a new *application* in the days of the Inquisition. . . . Pius V., the only Pope who had been proclaimed a *saint* for many centuries, having deprived Elizabeth, commissioned an *assassin to take her life*; and his next successor, on learning that the Protestants were being massacred in France, pronounced the action *glorious and holy*, but comparatively barren of results; and *implored* the king, during two months, by his nuncio and his legate, to carry the work on to the bitter end, until* every Huguenot had recanted or *perished*." In short, he argues that Protestants *ought not* to have been misled by Bishop Doyle or any one else.

But why quote more, and worse, of what is utterly sickening, and which degrades Christianity into literal Thugism. If this had been writ'en by an Orangeman, half the world would cry 'shame,' and would feel bound to protest against it as an insult and most disgraceful caricature.

* But Lord Acton thinks (and I think) that "there has been, and I believe there still is, some exaggeration in the idea men form of the agreement in thought and deed which authority *can* accomplish. As far as decrees, censures, and persecution could commit the Court of Rome, it was committed to the denial of the Copernican system." Such is his statement. It is, indeed, true, as this Catholic nobleman shows, that such is the *inconsistency or inconsequence* of the human mind, that there is always a wide difference between the theory men dare *avow* and the deeds they dare *not* practise; or, to use his own words, "some exaggeration in the idea men form of the agreement in thought and deed which authority *can* accomplish." Still, as so much *has* been accomplished in the past, we prefer not to depend for our safety on the *inconsequence* of the human mind, which might fail us at an awkward moment; but to look rather to the general prevalence of a wholesome public opinion, and to the *consistency* of a mind, which, knowing something of the laws which govern mind, believes and openly avows, that all persecution for opinion-sake is unchristian, irrational, and inhuman. Inconsistency seems such a *poor staff for men to lean on for their lives*, yet it is the *best* that Lord Acton has to offer. How *easy* for the Pope to decree us a higher assurance, if only he would! If not, we have these still to look to—the poor human inconsequence that half-way halts between thought and action, and *our own* resolve to take and enjoy what of right is ours, whether conceded to us or not.

But if Mr. Gladstone has been justly rebuked for his want of historic knowledge of the old patent facts of Popery, what are we to think of Mr. Blake, who quotes the utterances of some bishops and others, when the voice of the church was emphatic to the contrary. When inconvenient to them the modern Dr. Doyles, like the old, will be held cheap enough, and as easily pushed to the wall. Yet the statement is not mine, nor that of any Protestant, but the statement of an able and well-read Catholic nobleman.

Now, what, compared with this, is our little Orange affair, even (say) with its ascendancy, and colours, and regalia? Is there not in it much to justify the utmost extravagance imputed to the most extreme Orangeman in his most excited moments? But I believe there are millions of Catholic *people* who repudiate these doctrines of ecclesiastics, and I cannot help hoping that the enlightenment which is gaining ground, the advanced statesmanship of the age, the pity of the human heart, the sense of justice that is born with us, the growing knowledge of the foundations of belief, the principles of toleration inculcated by Christ and by all the good and wise of every age, and the public conscience of Christendom, will present such a moral inertia of resistance to this mad fever-movement of Ecclesiasticism, as will save the world from the worst evil that can befall it—a government of priests. Do they imagine at Rome that the world is a toy for them to play with? Do ecclesiastics forget that for evoking such a spirit the world would hold them responsible? that they would not be those who would suffer least or last? that reprisals and fearful vengeance would take the place of law and peace? and that society itself must cease to exist, were their theories to be reduced to naked practice?

Are we to believe that God has handed over mankind, tied hand and foot, absolutely, unreservedly, for their belief and their conduct, their political institutions, and social and domestic arrangements, for their literature and their science—for it comes to that—to one man of a succession of men, some of whom were, acknowledgedly, foolish men, some indifferently good, and some bad men.

Certainly, Mr. Blake, I cannot help thinking that the Orange society is as well entitled to incorporation and to be allowed to hold property, as the bishops and priests of a society holding the dogmas and governed by the principles unblushingly avowed, as above. Do you yet say, No?

I am not in favour of Orangemen playing party and offensive tunes. I consider them not only in bad taste, but wholly wrong; but these and such things are only accidentals and not essentials of the organization, and will, I hope, be discontinued: but when they celebrate among themselves 'the Battle of the Boyne,' when they talk of the brave deeds, and enduring fortitude, and resolute courage, and unflinching faith of the men, often their

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direct forefathers, who fought for their principles in that bloody fight, it is not in human nature for them not to feel the elation of the hour. It was a conflict pregnant with big consequences to them and to the world. But here I must go back a little.

The wars of religion (really of *theology*) in France and Germany, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Marian persecution in England, the wholesale slaughter paying off old scores, not a few in Ireland, had led Protestants to believe that public security was compatible only with Catholic disability to hurt. Catholics, on the other hand, suffering in various ways, believed that their only hope lay in victory and James; while the Protestants looked to William of Orange for relief from the despotism and cruelty of James and Jeffreys. Hearts and hopes beat high on both sides; while, shrouded in the darkness of the uncertain future, arose before the perturbed spirit many a spectre of possible despair. And when the battle was won—a battle which, had it gone against us, might possibly have reversed the whole course of English history and the very currents of the world—is it any wonder that the memory of it should have burnt itself into the hearts and brains of the descendants of those who had risked life and all things on the issue of that fight? No: it is one of those things that men never can, and never ought to, be expected to forget.

And with what results to Catholics *to-day*? We have flung our fears to the wind, stripped ourselves of every special safeguard of the constitution, and ventured all on the open ocean of peril and the future, for the sake of putting every Catholic on a full footing of equality with ourselves. The seed sown then has grown into a tree of liberty for all, flowering and fruiting for Protestant and Catholic alike. So that, as an outcome of the whole, Catholics may listen, without much discomposure, to the victory of the Boyne: and Orangemen, without being what Mr. Blake's rhetoric represents them to be, may be allowed their thankfulness and their triumph. Still their triumph will, I hope, be tempered with that modesty of demeanor which sits so well on the truly manful soul.

The Pope, like Mr. Blake, has no liking for Orangemen, and for the same reason, that Orangemen oppose them both; and the Pope to-day is as anxious and troubled about free-masons, as Mr. Blake is about Orangemen. The Pope is, indeed, opposed to all secret societies, and, *therefore*, institutes the greatest the world has ever known—the new “Universal Catholic League,” which is to “absorb all existing associations, such as Catholic clubs, Militia of Jesus Christ and the like,” with “its centre in Rome,” and its fingers in every man's affairs. Were this league, however, to be dissolved *to-morrow*, or even to be *non-existent*, my reasoning, on grounds wholly independent of this, would not be in the least

degree shaken. But in the presence of this vivid, gigantic, all ramifying secret society, how pales and dwarfs this little association of Orangemen.

To give some idea of the objects of the League and of the scheme of its organization, I shall present the reader with some extracts respecting it from the London (England) *Daily News*:

1. "The centre of the League shall be at Rome.
2. The general presidency of the League shall reside in the Vatican, and, with it, the personnel of a general sectorial board.
5. The office of a general presidency shall have seven directions, each with a head division, and with secretaries.

Division first—Union of Catholic jurists; second, Catholic workingmen's societies; third, central committees; fourth, Catholic regions; fifth, diocesan functionaries; sixth, general depot; seventh, academic committee for the union of the learned in the scientific efforts of Catholicism.

The League shall have for its objects:

1. The defence of right and freedom in face of the laws restricting the church and the Pope. The restoration of the temporal power, of which the Pope has been despoiled in violation of the rights of the Holy see and Christianity—a restoration to be effected in the sight of justice, human and divine.

2. To expound and demonstrate the dangers of liberty falsely so-called.

3. To combat individualism.

6. To countermine the press.

9. To re-unite all the forces of civilized society, its intelligence and its material resources, for the benefit of the holy cause.

10. To institute a central press for the reception and distribution of communications to all Catholic journalism.

11. To institute popular schools for technical instruction; to institute Catholic libraries, banks for the immediate advance of money, mixed clubs of the noblesse and bourgeoisie, directing clubs for the active agents of the League, workman's aid societies.

13. To effect the coalition of the noblesse and the clergy in the grand struggle for the freedom and ultimate empire of the church; to consolidate the union of the clergy with the bishops, and of the bishops with the Pope, "All for One and One for All."

14. Pecuniary largess and formation of the bonds of fellowship between the several cities, communes, boroughs, and persons, for the maintenance of the directing missionary priests, and for promoting harmony of the means of action.

15. Establishment of telegraphic bureaus in the great centres in correspondence with the central one at the Vatican, for the concurrence of all the Catholic forces in union."

The real objects, however, may be reduced to the one of Article 3—"to combat individualism." Yes, *that* it is against which has

been directed from the infancy of the world, the enginery of all the despots, political and religious, the world has ever seen—to grind down, in their mill, **THE MAN**; to fuse him into the mass; not indeed to destroy his thinking powers, but to index the direction they are to take, the groove they are to run in; to comb him down and sleekly discipline him to the service of ecclesiasticism; to rob him of the brain that nature has given him, and to give him one clipped and pared to the pleasure of the Pope; and, by stinting and stunting, to reduce the stalwart limbs, and so force some grand Copernicus into the breeches of a dwarf. And poor Galileo! This man, of a free, bold intellect, had embraced the doctrine of a central sun and a rotatory world. This was *then* a frightful heresy. Summoned to Rome, and the terrors of the Inquisition brought to bear on him—and he knew well what they meant—the poor, terrified soul of him, humbled and broken, uttered this shameful lie: ‘With a sincere heart and unfeigned faith, *I abjure, curse, and detest* the said errors and heresies.’ Had he not learned with a vengeance what ‘combating individualism’ meant? And is it to be wondered at, if Orangemen have some repugnance to this system of de-individualization?

Article 13 simply means that, in this crusade against the liberties of mankind, ‘the noblesse and the clergy,’ the Aristocrats and Ecclesiastics the world over, are to unite their forces—a new nineteenth century oligarchy of the two great castes of the world to bend their efforts to achieve for the new age what they had effected so *happily* for the old; to issue, as it did before, in the darkness of a night of centuries, in priestcraft and indulgences, in inquisitions and autos-da-fe; to react again in the volcanic terrors of French Revolutions—the final outcome of the outraged feelings, the inhuman miseries, and the insulted rights of mankind. No; we want no little Churchies with their fingers in our British pie. Stand off, gentlemen, your meddling has never been for good to us—or to any.

And for this ‘holy cause’ (Art. 9) is invoked the union of all the forces of civilized society, its intelligence, and its ‘material resources.’ Forewarned is forearmed—said to be. *Material resources*, mark! Yes, that sounds like business, and has a new-old ugly look about it, and summons up no very pleasant pictures of the past—of Albigenes, and Waldenses, and St. Dominics, and Philips of Spain, and Dukes of Alva, and dark deeds of horror which ring through history with a wailing and a warning sound. And if Orangemen read of these things, and put two and two together, is it any wonder if they are not, at all times, very calm. They are men, what wonder if only men. And men cannot always be as impassive as—to make a dash at it—as other men may require them to be.

I have ever shewn myself the friend of Catholics; but of Catholicism I am no friend. I consider it a religion in *clear and*

definite opposition alike to the teaching of Christ and to the reason of man; but I can feel for and with the honest Catholic. I can look at things from his standpoint, feel the rockings of his emotions, the tremblings of his heart. How *could* I be intolerent or unfeeling toward him. I say to myself, and Orangemen think the same, he was born to his creed like most of us; moulded and kneaded in soft childhood to a fixed mental cast, which became indurated with manhood and advancing years, till the twist of culture became the set of brain.

Protestants and Catholics are alike men, and that they differ in opinion can scarcely be a reason why they should murder or injure or hate one another. "The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God," while the command, "be pitiful," is too often overlooked. Yet controversies ought to go on. How can I, if there be any good in me, see my neighbour possessed of an opinion injurious to himself or to society, without trying to instil a better. I am 'my brother's keeper,' and he is mine. And I honour Catholics and Protestants and all, who, believing that they possess an ennobling idea, are zealous to propagate it. And I never met an Orangeman who withheld his sympathy from such a view. I am not angry with the Pope or his subordinates for their U. C. League. Knowing, as they do, no better, they give us the best they can. Thinking that the enthralment of the intellect is for good of the soul, they give us the decrees of Trent, with the anathemas affixed to alarm us; and, half or whole convinced that they alone know all things, feel themselves quite competent to undertake the education of the world.

This we Protestants dispute. We do *not* think them competent. We think that in the past they have shewn themselves to be failures; that they have retrograded in religion from the Christianity of Christ; that their philosophy, tethered to theology, rendered the darkness darker still; that their discipline was not such as to make us long for its recurrence; and that in science they made an awful mess of it.

In the programme of the *future*, too, so far as the *system* is concerned, we discover few indications of amendment. *Roma semper eadem* seems shining through every line and ringing in every sentence. What individual Orangemen may think I am not in a position to learn; but I do know that as a body—and growingly too—they do not wish to injure in person or estate, or to curtail the rights of, any Catholic. But Orangemen do, I think, fear, not that Catholics would injure them, but that the doctrines of the church are such, that, if a time should come when it would be no longer unsafe or inexpedient or startling to the general mind to avow it, the leaders of Catholicism might revert to the old policy of persecution, with a view to force Protestants within the fold, and thus render the world once again a field of blood. They hope, they hope ardently, that this day may never come; but they wish, so

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far as their little organization is concerned, to meet it not wholly unprepared; and, with all their faults and infirmities (and they have been and are many. Mr. Blake seems to think them of faults and views all compact), they are men of stout heart and steady resolution, who, like Cromwell's immortal Ironsides, would never disappoint the general that led them to the fray, and who might, in any crisis, become the nucleus round which could rally, in defence of civil and religious liberty, the hosts, not of Protestantism, only, but even of protesting Catholics—for there are millions of such—Catholics who would tell the ecclesiastics that before they were Catholics they were *men*; that liberty was a boon too precious to be parted with for theoretic considerations; and that no man ought to be forced to lie to his conscience, or say that what he believed not, he believed.

But while we learn that a great, organized corporation, with its headquarters in the Vatican, and its ramifications throughout the civilized world; with its devoted missionaries in every city and town and village of the land, and of every land; with its keen and disciplined spirits to direct its movements to the one common end of putting everything at the feet of Rome—our religion, our institutions, our civilization, our liberties, and our laws, and of planing down all the diversities of intellect, sentiment, and aspiration to the one dead level of uniformity, to the destruction of all thought not in harmony with the thought of one man in Rome—one man who, sitting in the central office of the world, sends his mandates through a thousand wires to tell us what to do and how to think;—is Protestantism to sit by with folded arms *waiting to be devoured*? This is the question, I suppose, that Orangemen ask themselves. And how can they avoid this feeling of uneasiness? In one way only,—by an *authoritative* declaration of a complete reversal of the whole secular policy of Rome! His Holiness is at liberty to call us schismatics, heretics, disturbers of the peace of the church, 'the tares' of Christendom, and the enemies of religion; he may assail our common Protestantism by every weapon in the armory of the Vatican, wielded by all the ablest and most practised officers of his church, *if he will only pronounce it ex Cathedra as a principle*, that no man *ought* to enforce religion by physical penalties, and that all persecution of every kind for theological opinions is *immoral and inhuman*. Then only will there exist any solid ground for peace.

But, to return. A principal object contemplated by this 'U.C. League' is 'the restoration of the temporal power' of the Pope (Art 1). That is, he is to be forced by the bayonets of foreigners, by whom he is *little* known, upon the people of Rome, who know him *well*—who know him so well that they don't want him; indeed, want anything rather than *him*. Would this be just or patriotic? How should we in Canada like to have a government forced on us by foreigners? The people of Rome are Catholics.

Rome for a thousand years has been the very focus and headquarters of Catholicism; and yet the whole combined teaching of Pope, and Priests, and Jesuits, has not been able to reconcile the Romans to the government of the Pope. Has this no lesson for Catholics? Whereas Garibaldi, without ancient prestige, with nothing to recommend him but his brave naked soul, his disinterestedness, and his truth, is a name of magic, loved and all-but worshipped *there*. And he lives to-day THE FRIEND OF MAN; while Rome, in the ecclesiastical sense, is the moral solecism of this nineteenth century, and a standing menace to the world.

In the famous Syllabus and Encyclicals of the late Popes, all are condemned 'who maintain the *liberty of the press*,' 'of *conscience*,' 'of *worship*,' 'of *speech*,' . . . or 'that the church may not employ *force*,' . . . or that the Roman Pontiff ought to come to terms with . . . *modern civilization*,' . . . or that in 'countries called Catholic the free exercise of their (Protestants) religions may laudably be *allowed*' (see Mr. Gladstone's 'Expostulation'). Now, if these doctrines of the Popedom are to come into *practice*—and *the Pope seems terribly in earnest*—we have come to this pass, that either civil government will be brought to a dead-lock, or that the sword will have to be drawn in defence of human liberties and rights. Does he want, or does he not want, a return of the happy times; when a Pope of Rome may put the Kingdom of England, the Republic of the United States, and the Empire of Russia under the terrors and confusion of an *Interdict*?—a return to times when men's sense of right—for you may educate or de-educate a man to almost anything—will be so perverted that the most appalling crimes, if committed by the *clergy* and tried by the ordinary tribunals of law and justice, will horrify the mind ecclesiastical?—a return to the times of Becket? 'Then'—I quote from the historian Froude—'then,' say Becket's despairing biographers, 'was seen the mournful spectacle of priests and deacons, who had committed murder, manslaughter, theft, robbery, and other crimes, carried in carts before the King's commissioners and punished as if they had been ordinary men!' To us this reads as if they had been enjoying the drollery of the thing! but no, this was their solemn belief. *As if they had been ordinary men!* Truly may it be said that man is the creature of his circumstances, when that featherless biped can be reduced to think like this! Yet to us it seems a climax of perversity hardly reachable by any mortal. But not so; the churchman-mind is not governed by ordinary rules. He has a little world and an ideal of his own; and he dwells and dreams apart; and he does some wonderful feats of thinking; and he looks at this, his microcosm, so long and so lovingly, and it is so near to him, and the big world of life and reality and other men so far away, that the one looms up before him bigger and bigger as he looks, and the other fades into the far off, until the mighty Sirius, in the distance, is no bigger than a speck. And what cares he for your argu-

ments, and science, and facts? They do not belong to *his world*. Besides, he has a faith-menstruum of his own—a universal celestial solvent—by which he can melt down the hardest facts in the universe, and thus mould and shape them to fit any theory he adopts. And this practice of mental legerdemain keeps growing into a habit of universal perversion, until, at last, the world becomes so topsy-turvy that things stand in reversed order to his mind; and hence he thinks, without a consciousness of its absurdity, how 'mournful a spectacle' it is, that judges should punish ecclesiastics for crimes 'as if they were ordinary men.' No: we should have an *imperium in imperio* for our murder-committing *saints*—an exceptional rule for the demigods of humanity, in whose veins forever courses the ichor of the gods. But what stupid louts our Orangemen, that they cannot recognize this beauty of the coming age! Why, Sir, such men see little to be grateful for in the goings on of Pope's Legates in the good old times, when a minister of Rome could say (King John, Act v., scene i.):

'It was *my* breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope:
But, since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.'

And so they blew the tempest up or made fair weather, to suit the whim or interest of Rome, and make or mar the welfare of the world.

Speak I thus to wound? Nothing can be further from my thoughts, But I wish to warn, where I think the danger demands it. There are so many Catholics—many of them old friends—whom willingly I would not offend. But, if there be any manhood in me, I must speak out freely what I think (what they do not believe), that their great leaders hold these views, and are pushing things to all extremities. Catholic laymen and the better-informed and more liberal of their teachers ought to make themselves heard before it is too late. But, happen what will, a good dose of truth is good for all men; and, if what I write be false, no one will be more pleased than I shall be to see it proved so. If true, they can come over to my side. They are not bound to this Catholicism as to a profession or trade which they have learned and cannot give up to take another. If I have anything to impart, I am bound to impart it; emasculated thought is no proper thought at all. I know that *Catholics do not realize the consequences to mankind of the theories of Rome*. They accept things as they are, without thinking very much about them in a questioning way. It is the religion of their parents and their grandparents, and their earliest and strongest and gentlest sentiments of awe and reverence twine themselves round it.

But they read little of church history, and know not that widespread ignorance, and superstition, and ambition, and intrigue, and false doctrine, and a foolishness and childishness unimaginable of teachers and of taught, stamp nearly every chapter of the history of the church.

It is true that, in past uncivilized times, when emerging slowly out

of the darkness and misconceptions of the ages, Protestants persecuted Catholics, and Catholics Protestants. But now, wherever the English language is spoken, Protestants have proclaimed all persecution for religion's sake, in practice and in principle, immoral and irreligious. To force a man to profess what he does not believe, we regard as grotesque and horrible. This is of the very essence of our mode of thinking—*an integral portion of our Protestant faith and of our Protestant selves*. Whatever differences among us may exist, there is no difference here. To this we have grown irreversibly under the tuition of a common Protestantism. Through the study of the New Testament and of the laws of mind, Christianity is now better understood.

But can the same be said of Catholicism? Has this, too, been rising out of the slough of the past? Has the teaching of the Ages impressed the same lesson on the Church of Rome? Now, that that lesson has never been learned *there*, is what fills the minds of Protestants with a feeling of insecurity; and this feeling the late decree re-investing infallibility in one man, the making absolute submission to the official utterances of the Pope the duty of all Catholics, and the existence of a new 'Universal Catholic League' (though that is of less consequence), having for its end the annihilation of all individualism and of the free play of the human faculties, have tended largely to augment.

Is the Protestant mind, as Mr. Blake thinks, alarming itself needlessly? When in Spain, an archbishop commands the people to vote for no one who tolerates the heretical doctrine of liberty of speech or liberty of worship, and this (he says) because the Pope commands it; and when he and his subordinates try to gag the press and so strangle in its cradle this Hercules of our liberties, what are we to infer? And then compare the men of that magnificent country, now plunged in half-anarchy and whole ignorance, with the same country under its Moorish rulers, holding up the beacon-lights of learning and science to a dark and distracted age.

And the horrible delusion that, by destroying God's creatures men were honouring God, is all the more strange, when it is considered that the author of Christianity had not only rebuked all persecution, but had laid down the *broadest principles of universal toleration*. This, is the creed of every genuine Orangeman, I never met one who did not think so. Indeed even the common-sense proverb, "*offensa Diis Deorum cura*," offences against the Gods are the Gods' affair, (which may be paraphrased thus: crimes against *man* are man's concern; the Gods are competent to guard the rights of *Gods*), might have taught us better here. But the currents ran strong the other way, and Christianity was overborne in the sweep and rush of other things.

Mr. Blake is a distinguished orator and able special-pleader. This power I do not desire to undervalue. Give him his data and his cause to argue—let him hold his brief, and no man can do his work with greater zeal and forensic ability. But much as I value this his great

and beautiful gift of speech and logic—few value it more—yet I prize as far higher the mind that can select his data for himself—who can say, because of his possession of strong common-sense and clear insight, this is the cause of truth and right, and who is thereby enabled to pick his steps in life through the embarrassments which beset the path of the mere casuist and logician. It is the most valuable of all gifts—the possession of that moral magnetism that, in spite of all seeming casuistry, keeps the mind pointing ever in the true direction, so that we can turn the helm accordingly, and, so, navigate the sea of life with safety to ourselves and others. It is that to which Christ appeals when he says, “Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right.” (See also *Matth. xv. 10 to 20.*): “Ye have eyes but ye see not.” “My sheep hear my voice.” “But they know not the voice of strangers.” It is this gift of the sifting ear, of the seeing eye, that is the highest possession of a human creature, and not the power of argument in support of any dogma or cause backed by the power of speech to make wrong, perhaps, appear the better reason. This grand power of speech and of the pen is a mighty engine for good, but may become also an equally potent engine for evil. But it is only an engine. The clear insight of the pure soul and true mind is the power that works the engine for good; and, in comparison with it, all the rest “mere leather and prunella.”

Still I have not been wont to impute to Mr. Blake a want of discernment when allowing his mind to act with its own spontaneity; and yet I cannot help the thought, that, throughout his whole speech, other feelings and interests than those born of reason and unbiased judgment have swayed the great magician, and—though I dare not affirm what I do not *know*—that “passion’s host that never brooked control;” personal ambition, and the consequent natural repugnance to the Orange society, an overwhelming majority of whom (at least in Ontario) always sided with the Conservative party against him, have blinded him so far, and so governed him in his decision, that he became incapable of looking at the question fairly as between Orangemen and the Catholic party; and that his speech was therefore largely that of an advocate and special pleader rather than of the judge holding the balance equally between them. Indeed, his speech, in its general drift and spirit, was a pro-Catholic, as much as it was an anti-Orange, one; and, though I dare not affirm positively that it is so, yet it certainly looks very like a bid for the Catholic vote. How otherwise can I explain the fact that Mr. Blake, who has ever been the advocate of free thought, free speech, and free institutions, should have so virulently attacked a party whose avowed opinions are these, in favour of Catholicism whose avowed opinions are the contrary. Why, otherwise, adopt and endorse the rhetorical and passionate language of Sir Francis Hincks, so wholly one-sided and unhistorical—unhistorical, I say, as leading to the inference that the treatment of the Irish Catholics was anomalous and exceptional, and Orangemen a specially bigoted and barbarous crew, whereas the treatment of Catholics in Ireland was only

one chapter of the great volume of the European history of the age, which is full of similar chapters of penal laws and persecutions of Protestants by Catholics on a fearful scale, and accompanied with terrible suffering. The lesson of persecution, learned by long training in the school of Rome, took some time to be un-learned, but at last the voices of reason and the words of Christ have prevailed in Protestant England.

With respect to persecutions and penal laws in Ireland the fact is this, that cruelty was, as it so often is, largely the offspring of fear. Protestants there were few in number among many Catholics. In a great rising of the latter, Protestants had been massacred by thousands without mercy, and they lived in fear of similar sufferings in the event of the Catholics rising again, and as a regard for their own safety (coupled with an overmastering, ever-present fear) prompted, they deemed that the surest way of safety was to cripple their adversaries so far as to prevent them from injuring them as they had done, and, so prevent a repetition of the past with all its frightful horrors. They knew, too, that the Power before which Catholics bowed had never withdrawn from its old position—*semper eadem et ubique* its boast—and that free conscience was a thing not to be tolerated or thought of, and that the fagot and the stake—her ready answer to all argument, her old engine against heresy and doubting science—had never been repudiated by her, but the contrary.

But while this fear, the parent of cruelty, forms an apology not feigned, but very real, for much of the miseries suffered by Irish Catholics; yet in the Catholic countries of Europe, where Catholics were so overwhelmingly more numerous than Protestants, the excuse of fear was wholly out of the question, and yet what wholesale brutal murders and miseries and spoliation took place. And why? Because men would not profess to believe what the stiffness of their convictions rendered it *simply impossible* that they could believe—for men cannot believe and disbelieve at pleasure—and yet, after a terrible treason towards them and bad faith, by murders deliberately planned in cold blood, and executed in one night, what do we learn? That a medal was struck by the Pope to commemorate this most shameful, cruel and dastardly event.

It answers, Mr. Blake, no end of good to cover up from view the great events of the past or the claims of the present by a veneer of the rosewood of sentimentalism, or to try to make things, in a new gush of thought and painted words, different from what they *are*; or to pile up on the poor Orangemen every opprobrium, whereas, apart from what is incidental to all organizations, owing to the weakness of human nature, he has been the steady friend of freedom; yet, one of the strongest and most reliable pillars of the social fabric; while with the rosewater of impassioned oratory you try, in your new found zeal, to make the bad principles of Catholicism, smell sweetly to the world, by representing, however unconsciously, those principles to be what they are not.

Now though I have been wont to esteem Mr. Blake very highly for some things, and would not dare to accuse him of clear, felt insincerity, or charge wholly to self-interest his new whitewashing of the Catholic Hierarchy, and blackening of Orangemen, yet I know enough of human nature to distrust it and its arguments, where, as in this instance, (for I had best come to the point at once) when he cannot get the votes of the Orangemen, the votes of the Catholics would prove so convenient.

To burke his plain convictions, to do a pointblank act of treason to his conscience, to advocate what he knew to be absolutely wrong, to blacken men's characters by malice aforethought, to whitewash an utterly bad cause where he felt that God and conscience knew it bad, is what I for one would not attribute, even for any consideration of self-interest, to Mr. Blake. But knowing how curiously we are compounded, and what we are made of, the devil of evil does not fling himself foolishly against a stone wall, or tempt the mainly-true man to such naked wrongdoing. Evil, like a cunning engineer, approaches the fortress of our integrity by zigzag lines, or by undermining skill, stealthily, taking us at unawares.

We know our real powers and we wish that others should know them too. We may even think ourselves, by measuring ourselves with others, entitled to the highest place in the country, and we may eagerly, longingly court it; and, accordingly, opinions and things in the line of our interests are very agreeable to us. This is so, naturally. And men and things adverse to those interests are not so agreeable. Now if those opposing us continue, as seems to us, unreasoningly adverse, and finally refuse to be charmed by the most skilful piping, the natural tendency of the mind, even if not vividly presenting itself to the consciousness of its owner as wrong, is to attribute their obstinacy to unworthy motives, and so cover them over with the slime of our own (say, unconscious) self-love. Some persons do not know that they are doing this; and some do not care, whether they know it or not. Why should, we argue, those persons, our inferiors in intellect and knowledge, be able to thwart us by their obstinacy and ignorance. Why, if they will not help us, not stand out of our way, and let us pass on and up. But they will not. Poor fools, led by designing masters, they will not. They must be bad. Let me think how bad. Some of them maligned me in my absence, and, when challenged to repeat to my face their charges, did not dare to show themselves. What a bad lot they *must* be; and yet, very possibly, Mr. Blake, they believed or half-believed—most men half-believe nearly everything said of an opponent whose general principles they dislike, and repeat it as if full belief—what they said. But it is vain for me to appeal to them—those bad, obstinate, old fossil Orangemen.

And now comes the other side of the question; if they will ever unreasoningly oppose me, and if I am resolved to climb to the chief place of power, and to upset the bad men who hold the reins and govern so unworthily, to the ruin of the country and her institutions—though indeed I hardly know what my own policy is to be, having, by my wavering

on one main point, at a critical time, been accused of having inflicted a deep wound on my party—had I not better now see what can be done with the Frenchmen and Irish Catholics.

It is true that the strong, high wall of religious prejudices stands against me, but it may, must somehow, be overleaped. True, too, the native build of my own mind; the strong, sturdy Blake and Hume-Blake independence of character; the clearness and distinctness of my view of primitive Christianity as stamped on and stereotyped in the pages of the New Testament; my opposition to sacerdotalism and mental slavery of all kinds; to a theology of traditions, not the religion taught by Christ—a theology calling itself Christianity, but as unlike it as modern Buddhism is unlike the religion of *its* founder: baptised into those views by the baptism of a lifetime, and inarched as they are into my mental and moral economy by long familiarity with the clear and characteristic teaching of Christ and Paul; it seems, indeed, no easy task I set myself. And to us, indeed, it seems a bitter pill for him to have had to swallow—to have to stand up and whitewash the most pronounced, accredited teachers of Catholicism, and hold up for approval, as if the canonical judgment of the church, the statements at second hand of private bishops of no binding authority at all, instead of giving at first hand the *ipsissima verba* of Infallibility itself, which, in the letter and in the spirit, contradict the utterances of these men. Did not Bishop Doyle, at the time when the Emancipation question was being discussed in Ireland, with a view to relieve the uneasiness of the Protestant mind regarding the unrepealed despotic claims to temporal universal dominion of the Popes, write, “We are taunted with the proceedings of Popes. What, my Lord, have we Catholics to do with the proceedings of Popes; or why should we be made accountable for them”? And did not the Roman Hierarchy, in its pastoral address “to the Clergy and Laity of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland” (in 1826) “declare on oath their belief that it is not an article of the Catholic Faith, neither are they thereby required to believe, that the Pope is infallible.” Now with respect to the former of these quotations, which, whether intended to do it or not, threw dust in the eyes of Protestants and helped to the removal of Catholic disabilities, and when Catholics were charged with this as artful dodging unworthy of honest men, what is, in substance, the reply of Lord Acton, Protestants *ought not* to have been so misled by such unauthorized statements of private men, be they priests or bishops or what not, when the whole history of the Church, its decrees, and declarations, and acts, and canon law told the very contrary. And so we say to Mr. Blake. The fact is this that the English people as a people were so largehearted and generous that they *caught readily at any* declaration, as the drowning man at a straw, that gave any ground for hope, that it might be as they were told. But what a reply! Why were you fools enough to believe this when you might have known, ought to have known, the contrary. Now, however, the Pope is Catholicism, and we know it. His decision and declaration only is binding and from his judgment there is no appeal: “neque cuiquam de ejus licere judicare judicio,”

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and this "not simply in matters that pertain to faith and morals but to the discipline" —and some have known too well what that means—"and govern-
ment of the church throughout the whole world"—"non solum in rebus,
quæ ad fidem et mores, sed etiam in iis quæ ad disciplinam et regimen
Ecclesiæ per totum orbem diffusæ pertinent." From that discipline and
that government—the worst government the world has ever seen, the
government of Priests—may the good God deliver us. Mr. Gladstone
puts it thus: "the Pope demands for himse f the right to determine the
province of his own rights." His words may, indeed, be turned to any
account as the occasion and his own will demand. "When it can *command*
the scales of political power," says Mr. Gladstone, "an organized and de-
voted party," it is counted on, "will promote interference; and, when it is
in a *minority*, will work for securing neutrality" and will make dupes of
such men as Mr. Blake to work their ends, and then turn about and say,
what a fool he was. I once asked a very able man on good terms with
Catholics, what was to be the end; how the world, in this perplexing
deadlock of things, was to be delivered. His reply was, I can see my way
out of it only in the hope, that, in the general diffusion of an enlightened
public opinion the Catholic may gradually become emancipated from these
antisocial and slavish doctrines, and, so, insensibly melt into the citizen. I
don't mean to say, that these were his very words; but, in the form of my
question and his answer, this was the substance of them.

But when the Pope's Syllabus and Encyclicals refuse us in (as Mr.
Gladstone writes) "fearfully energetic epithets," "liberty of speech," "of
conscience," "of worship" and use those terrible words against all
those "who say that the church may not employ force," or that "the
Roman Pontiff ought to come to terms with...modern civilization," I fear
that happy day is far off in the future.

But why should Mr. Blake try to blacken with the thickest colours of
the tar brush men who are at one with him in so many things equally dear
to them both, and so many of whom try to think as honestly and to act as
manly and Christian a part in life as he does or any man. But few
changes of opinion—were they changes?—are wholly sudden. Little
by little we drift into new modes of thought. He converses as
he has often conversed with Irish and French Catholics. In gen-
eral conversation he found them as other men. They manifested to
the full, in presence of a Protestant—often possibly more than to
the full,—all they felt of liberality of sentiment and freedom from
religious bigotry. Protestants hold their own opinions and they
hold theirs. Why, then, quarrel on such grounds. In past times
they persecuted, but Protestants persecuted too. These were days
of ignorance, when human rights were little understood, when con-
science was overborne by power; and free, honest thought, and free
speech were denied to all; but that now men knew better, that
people and priests and the princes of the Church—I doubt if they
went so far as to say, the Pope, too—had become, as became the
age and our civilization, more enlightened, and that the old days
could never now return, that *they* believed in a Church while Pro-

testants believed in a *book*; then why should they quarrel and wear out their souls in indignation by attributing opinions to one another which they no longer hold, and by suspecting one another instead of uniting for the common good, as broad-minded men of the world holding different dogmatic opinions indeed, but holding in common great essential truths. Now let it be borne in mind that those shallow, though plausible, arguments assail him at a time when he is in *just the state of exasperated feeling* to let them have at least their full weight with him. The Orangemen—I look at the matter from the Blake standpoint—have doggedly, determinedly, and unreasoningly shut the door against him. They maltreat and slander him behind his back. He uses arguments so plain, and sound, and convincing, that none but a fool or one wilfully perverted could resist them; but they do resist them, and will have none of them or of him; and, so, disgusted and provoked at being spurned by such small folk, what has he left him but to turn his eyes in another and wholly different direction, and, so, the Catholic arguments *fall on prepared ground*; and they show him the statements of men high in the church, the accredited organs of Catholicism—statements wholly at variance with those supposed by Orangemen to represent the real *interior* opinions of the Church—at which he catches gladly. To be brief; He is just in the frame of mind to accept them thankfully, and he makes a speech at the opportune moment—self interest and his dislike of Orangemen giving, of course, no (the slightest) colouring at all to his calm thoughts and unimpassioned words—and the House rings with plaudits at his noble liberality of sentiment and freedom from bigotry, which only the highest natures can wholly rise above, and trample on, and he is the hero of the hour and the darling of Catholics, and the star of Blake is clearly in the ascendant, and the poor Orangeman, utterly crushed and ruined, is despised as well.

Poor Orangemen! Still, “the conies though a feeble folk, yet build their houses in the rocks,” (Prov. xxx: 28) and so abide till the storm of words has spent itself, and the great orator, whirled along by the torrents of his own eloquence, is half or wholly persuaded by himself; for as Paley, I think, says, though some men believe in the direction of their fears, others believe in the direction of their hopes. Still the effect of that speech has been probably to make the position of Mr. Blake in the politics of Canada what it never was before, and so far it has been a great success. But though a masterly effort of an eloquent and able speaker, yet was it, like the leaning tower of Pisa, wholly one-sided, and, therefore, was untrue and misleading. It merely skimmed the surface of things and was therefore superficial. It never hit the heart of the matter, the bull’s eye in the target; and it was not profound. He never went to the *head office* for his information; but, good, easy man, was content to get it from unauthorised clerks and underlings, who amiably gave him what he sought for (and that possibly without

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the conscious feeling of wrong, while at the same time it helped the cause) and which filled him with content.

But if the Orangemen had been as lovingly constant to him as to his great opponent; in other words, if he had held a brief on the other side (as a lawyer he has been in the habit of taking retainers and of pleading accordingly for his client, no matter whom, the best he could) with his noble eloquence and great forensic ability, what a case could he not have made out, and how he would have turned the tables on his and their enemies; thus:

‘Gentlemen of the Jury, a handful of Orangemen, whose principles, written in their “Constitution” open and to be read of all men, are sound to the very core on the great question of civil and religious liberty, placed in the midst of many Catholics, well enough in their individual characters—we have little fault to find with them here—but dominated by a power to whom they are faith-bound and conscience-bound, whose principles are despotic and anti-social, and who if he would repent of those bad principles and, so, change them, must cease to be a power at all (for he is so anchored to the unrepealable past, that he cannot snap his cable without letting himself adrift and going to wreck and ruin wholly, so that he has to let things be or to make the confusion worse confounded) whose principles, hence, are their principles.

Gentlemen of the Jury, to change my figure, a great bombshell charged with dynamite is left in the camp of these few Orangemen to burst or not at any hour, as the exigencies of the moment make it desirable or not. It is true, gentlemen, that some of these Orangemen are not all that they should be, and that the most stupid and obstinate among them do sometimes give to Catholics unnecessary offence; but, then, they recall the terrible past and brood over it till their feelings get excited, and knowing the power and avowed principles of the Grand Lama of the religion who rules supreme, they are afraid that at any moment the match may be lighted and the ruin burst, and so are to be pardoned, if sometimes they find it hard not to say sharp things, and if they vote on the side by which (in their folly) they think their interests best served. But, gentlemen, if the mistakes and faults and waywardnesses of Christians are deemed no valid argument against Christianity, when it never encourages, but, on the contrary, reprobates such conduct, as laid down and enforced in the Book of its Constitution, why should Orangeism be held responsible for the actions of individual members who do things utterly condemned in the Book of *their* Constitution. Gentlemen, let us be reasonable, and deal out the same impartial judgment in the one case as in the other. Christians are not always reasonable. To the tag end of every party will hang-on unworthy members, whose conduct is not in harmony with the high principles of the body to which they belong. And now, Gentlemen of the Jury, I beg your close attention while I read to you from a *private* document, not intended for the public eye, but morally binding on every Orangeman, a few

extracts. It is named the "Général Declaration." I may tell you that, though refused to me at first as not being an Orangeman, I was at length permitted to peruse it. This "Declaration" informs us that "the Loyal Orange Association is formed of persons desirous of supporting, to the utmost of their power, the principles and practice of the Christian religion, to maintain the laws and constitution of the country and the supremacy of law, order, and constitutional freedom" . . . and they "hope . . . to emulate the virtues" "of that Immortal Prince," "William III.," "by maintaining *Religion without persecution or trenching on the rights of any.*" . . . "The Orange society lays no claim to exclusive loyalty or exclusive Protestantism, . . . Disclaiming an intolerant spirit, the society demands as an indispensable qualification, without which the greatest and the wealthiest may seek admission in vain, that the candidate shall be deemed *incapable of persecuting or injuring any one on account of his religious opinions*; the duty of every Orangeman being to aid and defend *all* loyal subjects of *every* religious persuasion, in the enjoyment of their constitutional rights." Then among the "Qualifications essential for Membership," I read, "An applicant for admission should have a hatred of cursing and swearing, and of taking the name of God in vain, he should use all opportunities of discouraging them among his brethren, and shun the society of all persons addicted to those shameful practices. Prudence should guide all his actions, temperance, sobriety and honesty direct his conduct, and the laudable objects of the Association be the motives of his endeavours," and so on, gentlemen, throughout the "Declaration and Constitution," from the first page to the last.

Now, Gentlemen of the Jury, I need not insult your understandings by asking you, if these are noxious principles? Are they not rather the very highest principles by which men can be actuated; principles that strike at the root of all bigotry and intolerance. Are they not indeed the very pillars of the social fabric? Do they not cherish in us the noblest feelings of citizenship, and inculcate the necessity of being as tender of the freedom of others as of our own. I might dwell long on this seductive theme, but, in presence of twelve intelligent men, I say with the Poet, "*ut multum nil moror,*" and leave the rest to the play of your own imaginations, to the soundness of your judgment, and to the goodness of your hearts; and I feel confident that you will not only acquit my clients, but affix the seal of your high approval of principles so just and noble and humane. But I cannot close without saying how gloriously these great principles compare and contrast with those utterances of the late mouthpiece of Catholicism, Pope Pius IX, breathing, as *they* do, the most slavish, intolerant, anti-social and fearful sentiments, and which a cultivated and able Catholic Nobleman has told us, have been those that have always governed the Great Infallibles of his church. Was there ever a greater contrast between the noble

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principles of my clients and those odious principles to which they are opposed. Gentlemen, I shall now close my case with feelings of the utmost confidence in the verdict you will render in a case so plain.

But, oh, my Reader, had Mr. Blake, and not I, the cause of the Orangemen to plead; had he held a brief on that side; with his inexorable logic, and ringing voice, and persuasive eloquence, what a case for them would he not have made out; and how exultantly would he not have trampled under foot, or held up with withering scorn before the eyes of a wondering world, the principles of the other party—principles incompatible, he would have said, with the very existence of society, and, which, if generally acted on, would make society itself impossible. But he has not done so; and if the cause of *humanity*, for it is that, has not been pleaded with the force of logic and adequate presentation that belongs to it, and yet if a good case has been made out, only judge what it would have been, had the tongue of eloquence been enlisted on that side.

But we have in Canada a man with a brilliant and trenchant pen, and a grand and stately style, with a force of logic equal to, and a far deeper and truer insight than, Mr. Blake's, whose knowledge of history, read to some purpose, is wide and his memory a very storehouse of facts, on which to draw for his own guidance and for that of others; an exact scholar and a severe thinker, fearless and outspoken on every subject of human thought, and who cannot keep silent when any subject pregnant with grave issues is being discussed, for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," who has spoken on this subject with earnestness and power, and, I trust, will do so again and often. To this man, a very *avâς ἀνδρῶν* among writers, I look for special help in the cause I have falteringly undertaken to advocate. He may not agree with me in some things, and I even venture to differ from him occasionally. But I place him second to no man in Canada as a writer and thinker. Let him be wholly on our side and I care little who is against us. To him I look for efficient help in this the greatest cause, viewed in all its bearings, that ever engaged the attention of humanity.

For myself I desire to be a political weathercock, and not tie myself down so stringently to any party, as to have to force myself to go with them, save as my own judgment, in each particular case, decides me, but to be as the poet says,

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,"

and so govern myself and change from side to side, as the actions and measures of politicians are in reference to what I am persuaded is right and true: my motto being

"Quo me cunque rapit tempestas deferor hospes,"

and, so, allowing myself to drift.

Now if there was anyone among the members of the late or present Ministry whom I would have selected as specially sound on the

history and designs of the Papacy, and who could not be misled by the *ignes fatui* of the unauthorised statements made by Bishops of the Church, whether believed, or only half-believed and half-hoped by them, to be true or not, when the Syllabus and the Encyclicals of the Pope himself were before him, as well as his unvarying declarations, and when the Bull "Unam Sanctam," and many Bulls besides, backed by the Canon Law and all the past history of Infallibility, pointed in *one direction only*, and as steady to that direction as the needle to the pole—that man was the Hon. Edward Blake. The Pope is Catholicism, and *no one else* is so. The opinions of Priests and Bishops and interpreters and apologists go for simply nothing. When we want to understand Popery really, we must go to the Pope. A Bishop, as Dr. Doyle did, may say, at the convenient moment, what he wishes to impress us with as true. "What, my Lord, have we Catholics to do with the proceedings of Popes, or why should *we* be made accountable for them." Very convenient doctrine when Catholic emancipation was the subject of debate. And again (as I before quoted for you) the Romish hierarchy in Ireland, at the same juncture "declare on oath their belief that it is not an article of the Catholic faith, neither are they thereby required to believe that the Pope is infallible," and yet Pope Pius IX himself tells us that "the whole Church had always taught the unconditional infallibility of the Pope" (Gladstone). But, "*quo nodo hunc Protea*," "*tempora mutantur et nos*." Yes, "What have we Catholics to do with the proceedings of Popes." But Cardinal Manning—the Pope's "*animæ dimidium meæ*"—writes, "the Catholic Church cannot...cease to preach...the doctrines of Sovereignty both spiritual and *temporal* of the Holy See;" and Pope Pius informs us that there are "many errors regarding the Infallibility, but the most malicious of all is that which includes in *that* dogma the right of deposing sovereigns and declaring people not bound by the obligation of fidelity. This *right* has now and again, in critical circumstances, been exercised by the Pontiffs; but it has nothing to do with Papal Infallibility. Its origin was not Infallibility, but the *authority* of the Pope...the supreme judge of the Christian Commonwealth. This authority...extended so far as to pass judgment *even in civil affairs* on the acts of Princes and nations." Now mark, the right to depose princes is not denied, equivocated, or withdrawn: far from it; but only the supposed *foundation* of the right it is that is questioned. The right exists; but the foundation or source of the right is *not* the infallibility, but "*the authority*" of the Pope. But whether it has its ground in infallibility or authority is to us a matter of moonshine; but it is a matter of everlasting moment, unless we be true to ourselves and to humanity, that such a mediæval claim should hang over us to-day. We need not be surprised then, that, in his Syllabus and Encyclicals and everywhere, all those who affirm that "Papal judgments and decrees may, without sin, be disobeyed or *differed from*, except where they treat of the dogmas of faith and morals" [that is when they extend beyond these limits], or "who assign to the state the power of defining the rights and

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Province of the Church," or "who hold that the Roman Pontiffs [in the past] and Œcumenical Councils exceeded the limits of their power [when they put kingdoms under Interdicts, deposed kings, and embroiled states] and [by so doing] usurped the rights of Princes" *i.e.*, what they did was no usurpation, even, as Pope Pius explains it, where it "extended so far as to pass judgment, even in civil affairs, on the acts of Princes and of nations;" or "that the church *has* not (*non habet*) the right to employ *force*." What, then, was Mr. Blake, an acute Lawyer, used to sifting evidence, and to get at the bottom-truth of things—a man not to be entrapped by semblances—when he tells us his little tale at second hand of what these men tell him. Would he, in a court of law, be content with a copy of an original document, much less with a copy of a copy, and still less with a wholly-pseudo copy, when it was in his power to compare the original and read from it in open court. Catch him, so well versed in such matters, so astute and able, blundering and mooning in such wise. And yet, in this most grave and open matter, has he not blundered egregiously; or has he blundered at all? Has he consciously or unconsciously, or half-consciously and half-unconsciously, been partly misled and partly seduced? I am in a dilemma! I find it so hard to excuse his heart wholly, at the expense of his intellect, or intellect wholly, at the expense of his heart. As the pendulum oscillated to and fro, did it come to rest at last on the side of his interests? Who can say? Were he some poor unskilled dialectician, some unversed man of the world, some hot, impulsive empty pate; were he a man like Newman, nursed on the pap or *authority*, and dropping lower and ever lower in the scale of erect manhood, till he sank at last, in passive feebleness and intellectual lethargy, into the lap of Rome—the last authority of all—his legitimate extreme, there might be some excuse for him; but he is not such as these, but a man of the world, a reader of men and things, a practised logician, and a shrewd and able lawyer, and trained in a school of principle and principles—hence my difficulty.

But as I dare not affirm positively whether his was an error of the judgment or of the heart, or a compound of them both, so do I not affirm that his Episcopal informants knowingly misstated the case. We are curiously compounded creatures all of us, and the ecclesiastic mind the most curiously compounded of all, and when very earnest in pressing home on another a belief which we deem true—as, say, the general belief in Catholicism—we are not always over-scrupulous in the arguments we employ, or the thickness of the colouring we lay on, when longing to gain over an opponent to our side; and as this doctrine of the Pope's right of interference in our civil affairs, and of playing the mischief with our constitutional liberties—read by the light of the terrible past—was known to be, in the eyes of Protestants, a fearful difficulty and offence, there was a proportionately great temptation to smooth down and attenuate it, and even to throw discredit on it altogether, as Bishop Doyle had done. But Lord Acton is frankly outspoken. 'Gentlemen,' says he to them in effect, 'this is all nonsense. We must not falsify history and pervert patent fact. The Popes did

these things, and the Pope, in the interests of Catholicism, has the right, never withdrawn, to do them again.' Forwarned, forearmed! and so I say to all, trust no one absolutely, be he Priest, or Bishop, or Mr. Blake, or anyone, when their arguments lie in the same line as their interests; for their interests are almost sure, consciously or unconsciously on their part, to warp and colour their minds. Be governed by the evidence only.

Think, you, my reader, that when delivering his great speech Mr. Blake kept steadily before his mind, that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. I do not. But WHY all these exorbitant claims of the Popes and Catholicism. There is in the words of Christ or of Paul or Peter or of any one else in the whole New Testament, not a syllable to say that to any *successor* of Peter, whether by natural or spiritual descent, was such power or anything resembling it ever given. So far as this special assertion is concerned it is simply manufactured out of whole cloth. And what is so strange is this, that, as an undeniable matter of fact Peter was *not* the Apostle of the Roman Church at all (*that* Paul was), but was, by special commission, the Apostle of the *Jews*. This all is stated clearly and emphatically in Paul's Epistle to the Galatian Church, and accordingly while Peter's first Epistle is directed to "the strangers of the dispersion" (τῆς διασποράς), i.e.: the Jews scattered among the Gentile nations of the world, Paul it was who addressed his Epistle to the *Roman* Church (Peter never) and in this Epistle he tells the Roman Church "not to be highminded but fear, for that if God spared not the natural branches" (the Jews), they should "take heed lest he spare not *them also*" (Rom. xi: 20, 21). And though Christ promised to be with His Church to the end of the world, yet that promise was not unconditional, but saddled with the condition of their obeying His commands; thus, "go ye and teach all nations. . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded; AND, lo, I am with you always to the end of the world." If doing this, I shall be with you to assist you throughout all time. "Otherwise," as Paul wrote to the Roman and whole Gentile Church—"OTHERWISE thou also shalt be cut off" (Rom. xi: 22) Christ's promise is to stand by an obedient, not a disobedient people. The whole matter is plain as day; there is no mystery at all about it. We are warned, too, in Scripture, that a great "apostacy" would take place in the Christian Church in the future, and there is no place in the world from which whatever emanates should be received with greater mistrust than what emanates from *Rome*, for up to the period of her *utter* destruction, no good is told of her, but Christians are warned against her as the very seat and *headquarters* of superabounding evil.

I return to Mr. Blake, who, in denouncing all intolerance, utters these true and very memorable words;

"I believe, if you commit to any church absolute power and control over faith and morals, and if, at the same time, you commit to that church absolute power to determine what is comprised within faith and morals, you con-

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cede necessarily to that church *absolute power altogether*; and I believe, therefore, that it is quite necessary to consider that there may be a point at which we may be called on to consider what the tenets of the church in that particular point of view are."

But I have shown my readers that this is emphatically what the church does claim and much besides. In the third chapter of the Constitution of Ecclesia we read these words, "The pastors and the faithful are bound, as well each of them singly as all of them together, by the obligations of a veritable obedience *not only* in matters which appertain to *faith and morals*, but also [this goes even beyond Mr. Blake's case] in those things which belong to the *discipline and government* of the church scattered throughout the whole world. . . . this is the doctrine of the Catholic verity from which no one can deviate save at the peril of his faith and salvation. . . . we also teach and declare that he (the Pope) is the supreme judge of all the faithful. . . . and that his decision can be upset by no one, and that *it is not permitted to any one to judge concerning his judgment.*" The words in Latin of chief importance are, "obstringuntur non solum in rebus, quæ ad fidem et mores, sed etiam in iis, quæ ad disciplinam et regimen ecclesiæ. . . . Neque cuiquam de ejus licere judicare judicio." On this the comment of Mr. Gladstone is, "Absolute obedience, it is boldly declared, is due to the Pope, at the peril of salvation, not alone in faith and morals, but in all things which concern the discipline [and we have had no blessed experience of that discipline] and government of the church. Thus are *scept into the Papal net whole multitudes* of facts, whole systems of government prevailing, though in different degrees, in every country in the world. . . . On all matters respecting which any Pope may think proper to declare that they concern either faith or morals, or the government or discipline of the church, he claims. . . . *absolute obedience.* . . . and this claim" is made by "a Pontiff who has condemned free speech, free writing, a free press, toleration of nonconformity, liberty of conscience, the study of civil and philosophical matters in independence of ecclesiastical authority, marriage unless sacramentally contracted, and the definition by the state of the civil rights (jura) of the church; who has demanded for the church, therefore, the title to define its own civil rights, together with a divine right to civil immunities, and a right to use *physical force*, and who has also proudly asserted that the Popes of the Middle ages with their Councils did not invade the rights of Princes [that is, it was not invasion or usurpation of their rights when Popes, their sovereigns, commanded] as for example Gregory VII., of the Emperor Henry IV.; Innocent III., of Raymond of Toulouse; Paul III. in deposing Henry VIII.; or Pius V., in performing the like paternal office for Elizabeth. I submit, then, that. . . . England is entitled to ask and to know in what way the obedience required by the Pope and the Council of the Vatican is to be reconciled with the *integrity of civil obedience.* . . . The Pope demands for himself the right to determine the province of his own rights, and has so defined it in formal documents as to warrant any and every invasion of the civil sphere; and that this new version of the principles of the Papal Church

inexorably binds its members to the admission of these exorbitant claims, without any refuge or reservation on behalf of their duty to the crown." So far for Mr. Gladstone. What says Mr. Blake to all this? I shall tell him what Cardinal Manning says, "The Catholic Church cannot cease to preach the doctrines... of the necessity of unity and of the sovereignty, *both spiritual and temporal*, of the Holy See;" and again, "If then, the civil power be *not competent* to decide the limits of the spiritual power, and if the spiritual power *can define*, with a divine certainty, *its own* limits, it is evidently supreme... and if this be so, this is the doctrine of the Bull 'Unam Sanctam,' and of the Syllabus and of the Vatican Council. It is in fact Ultramontaniam... any power, which is independent, and *can alone* fix the limits of its *own* jurisdiction, and can thereby fix the limits of *all other* jurisdictions is, ipso facto, supreme. But the church... is all this." On this theory of Cardinal Manning's of the Church Mr. Gladstone remarks, "Whatever demands may hereafter, and in whatever circumstances, be made upon us, we shall be unable to advance with any fairness the plea that it has been done *without due notice*," or that we have been misled, as in the case of Bishop Doyle.

Why, then, quote the convenient declarations of any underlings of the Church, as if of final authority? When any real difficulty arises, they will eat, or have to eat, their words. And Cardinal Manning will go the wall, as Bishop Doyle and the Catholic Hierarchy had gone before him.

Who, then, lacked true insight? Who failed utterly in true discernment. The poor bigoted Orangemen, or the acute, well-read, supercilious lawyer? Who has been the worse humbugged after all?

But Mr. Gladstone adds further: "It is certainly a political misfortune that, during the last thirty years, a church so tainted in its views of civil obedience, and so unduly capable of *changing its front and language* AFTER emancipation from what it had been before—like an actor who has to perform several characters in one piece, should have acquired such an extension of its hold," &c.

Mr. Blake tells us that

"No man, any article of whose creed should make him a slave, would be fit to control either his own destiny or that of free men. A slave himself, he would be but a proper instrument to *make slaves of others*. Such an article of religion would, in a word, be inconsistent with free institutions, because it would not permit that liberty of opinion in the individual, which is their very base and corner stone. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) But we are not confronted with that difficulty. The public and deliberate utterances of high dignitaries in more than one Province of Canada have shown that the assertion is unfounded."—Do they, indeed?—

And that

"In 1876, an instruction was sent out from the Supreme Congregation of the Holy Office in these words:

"The bishops of Canada must understand that the Holy See recognizes the extreme gravity of the facts reported by them, and that it is particularly deplored that the authority of the *clergy* and of the holy *ministry* should suffer thereby. It is, therefore, necessary, to repair the great damage done, to root up the evil. The cause of these serious inconveniences is to be found in the

divisions that exist among bishops on political subjects, as well as upon other questions that attract attention in Canada at present. To put an end to these regrettable dissensions, it will be necessary that the bishops, acting in consort with Mgr. the Apostolic Delegate sent to Canada, should agree together to determine what line of action is to be followed by one and all of them with reference to the several political parties.'

And that

The bishops should be exhorted to observe, in political affairs, the great reserve; considering particularly the danger of provoking a war against the Church by the Protestants, who are already showing *unquietness and irritation* towards the clergy, under pretence that the latter exercise undue influence at political elections. The clergy should never call any persons by name from the pulpit, especially if it is to cast discredit upon them in connection with elections; they should never make use of the ecclesiastical ministry's influence to forward particular ends, *unless* the candidates might become hurtful to the real interests of the Church.'

Now, Sir, that was followed up by the pastoral letter and circular that were issued after the arrival of the Delegate Apostolic, and after an understanding had been reached with him in 1877.

From which pastoral letter Mr. Blake quotes, I not so fully, thus:

"Electors are always obliged, before God, to give their support to the candidate whom they judge to be truly honest and able to discharge the important duties confided to his care, which consist of watching the interests of religion and of the state and to work faithfully in this direction."

You will here, my reader, observe how guardedly and tenderly all this is done, as if the Catholic Dignitary was treading upon eggs, but was not to break them. "It is particularly deplored that the authority of the clergy and of the holy ministry should suffer thereby. It is, therefore, necessary to repair the great damage done." Again; "the clergy should never call any persons by name from the pulpit," and then we read of the "*direction*" in which the elector is to work.

Then Mr. Blake quotes, in favour of the open fairness of the Church and its political liberality, a letter from Archbishop Lynch to the Hon. Alexander McKenzie, then Premier, from which I cull a few lines:

"It would be very imprudent in a priest, whose congregation is composed of liberals and conservatives, to become a *warm partisan of either* political party; it would neutralize his influence for good in too many instances."

A better commentary on all this seeming desire for fair play and absence of "undue influence" is the late letter of this same Archbishop Lynch to his faithful Catholic Henchman, Mr. Higgins.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE,)
TORONTO, Dec. 9, 1882. }

"MY DEAR MR. HIGGINS,—We are now anxious to sustain the Mowat Government. If it go, then we shall have Orange rampant, and *we may as well quit the country*. The first act of the new Government will be to incorporate the Orange Order, and then, indeed, the Catholics will suffer. *If Catholics do not wish to vote for Mr. Drury, then they need not vote at all*. I would be ashamed of Catholics changing politics for mean purposes, and some so-called Catholics are doing so, and playing into the hands of the Orangemen. Alas, there will always be traitors! You, I know, Mr. Higgins, will keep staunch.

"Yours faithfully,

"(Signed)

†JNO. JOSEPH LYNCH,
"Archbishop of Toronto."

On these two letters *The Telegram* comments as follows:

"Read in the light in which it will now be read, there is nothing so very surprising in Mr. Blake's anti-Orange speech after all. Archbishop Lynch's letter, calling upon the Catholics to support the reform candidates, put a different face on it. The prelate and the politician were working for different objects. *While the politician was aiding the prelate to crush the Orange Order, the prelate was aiding the politician to boom the reform party.* Each was no doubt perfectly satisfied with what the other was doing, and although, as Mr. Blake says, there is no understanding between them, we may safely assume that *each was pleased with the manner in which the game was being played.*"

As a matter of fact, it has always been pretended that the spiritual guides of our Catholic fellow citizens kept themselves entirely aloof from politics." But here "his grace not only becomes a 'warm political partisan' of Mr. Mowat, but writes letters in which he calls upon Catholics to vote for the reform candidate, or else not vote at all. He goes even further, as he stigmatizes as "traitors" those who vote the other way. Has his grace one set of rules for his priests and another for himself? Has he one set of principles for public use, and another for use in *private*? It would seem so. It is somewhat singular that so shrewd a gentleman as his grace would write such a letter, *to be hawked around the constituency and used as a means of influencing Catholic votes.* If he has anything to say at election times it would be infinitely more in keeping with his priestly position and character, to say it publicly, and not to stab one of the political parties under the fifth rib in this underhand way."

This one letter, by the merest accident, found its way into the public prints. *How many others* may have been written by his grace (or by his conferees) and only reached the private ears for which they were intended, and the eyes or ears of those they were meant to influence, who can tell? Or what may have been their effect in seating the Reform party in power in Ontario. But why the Archbishop and his fellow-Catholics should have to "quit the country" in the event of the passage of the Orange Bill I am at a loss to see. Is there anything in the Orange Constitution; has there been anything in the conduct of Orangemen so outrageous, so destructive of the rights of Catholics; have they dynamited or boycotted any man of opposing sentiments; do they compare so very unfavourably with other people, that a necessity might have been laid on his Grace to pull up his stakes, and emigrate with his whole flock, and build in the wilderness some new Salt Lake City, beyond the possible contamination of such an anti-social and barbarous horde? Or was it any thing more than the looking forward to possible wounded pride that dictated those highly coloured, passionate, and exaggerated expressions?

Ecclesiastics are wont to indulge in such. Owing to entanglements in casuistic subtleties, and the habit, almost forced on them, of so often *explaining away* difficulties, a twist is often given to the mind itself, which prevents them from looking straight at things and giving a plain, honest yes or no. They have an answer to suit the occasion—for the church, you see, cannot go wrong, and must not receive injury at their hands—and so they palter with themselves, and give you (in words—and some Frenchman has said that words were bestowed upon us *to hide* our thoughts) an answer that meets the difficulty. We see

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something of the process in the words (quoted by Mr. Blake to uphold his argument) of the Supreme Congregation of the Holy Office to the Bishops of Canada, thus:

"We must, in short, exhort the bishops to observe *the greatest reserve* with respect to political affairs, *especially* since there is a *danger of provoking a violent war against the Church on the part of Protestants*, who are already *excited and irritated* at the clergy under the pretext of undue inference in political elections.

"Besides, it will always be necessary for the clergy to avoid naming individuals from the pulpit, and still much more so, if it is for the purpose of discrediting them at elections, and they must never make use of the influence of their holy office for private ends, except when the candidates might be injurious to the true interests of the Church."

No, no: Protestants must not be irritated, alarmed—no, there is danger in that—*therefore*, is there need of "the greatest reserve," "avoid naming individuals (then, that *had* been done) from the pulpit." This "might be injurious to the true interests of the church." First, the grand assertion is made by the Pope himself, followed by some great ecclesiastic such as Cardinal Manning, the Pope's right-hand; then, when men get *alarmed* at the greatness of the tyrannous claims, they begin to prune down, and soften, and unsay, and finally almost eat their own words: but "*verbum irrevocabile*" remains behind, fixed as fate, absolute, condemnatory. Now, the above-quoted advice was given in 1876, and *why*?

Why? *Because* Protestants had become "excited and irritated;" and there was "danger of provoking a violent war against the church." *Because* Sir Alexander Galt had written his famous letter (May, 1875) to Treasurer Robertson, saying that things in Lower Canada were being pushed to such extremities, that "the rights we enjoy and the safeguards we possess will be, one by one, attacked, until our position will be *so intolerable* as to induce us to become, as their organs even already term us, aliens or strangers; or force on us *such a physical contest* as must be most deplorable:" for says he, "the celebrated Syllabus sufficiently discloses the *design* that the regulation of faith and morals is to be extended to embrace the *whole* field of human *thought and action*:" and he demanded from the government of the day "a public and explicit declaration that they reject and refuse to acknowledge the authority claimed for his church by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal, in all matters pertaining to *public law* and the government of the country." Yes, my reader, cock-sureness and the Vatican Decrees were beginning to bear their bitter fruits. "For about three years," says Bishop Bourget, "the Holy Congregation of the Propaganda (note who), charged with Apostolic superintendence over this country, has been informed that certain papers allowed themselves to publish insults to the ecclesiastical authorities. The Prefect of the Holy Congregation.....recommended, in his letter, the Bishops to *compel*, if it were necessary, those who were guilty in this particular, to submit to this injunction, by forbidding the faithful to *read* these papers" (This, mark, was in 1873.) And so, adds the Bishop, "especially must the sacraments be refused to those *Editors* [Catholic]

who write such insults, and to those who *employ* them to edit the newspapers of which they are proprietors." This was Boycotting with a vengeance—the terrors of the eternal world, and empty purses in this. I wish Mr. Blake joy of his new Protégés, and I ask him to remember that it was not Orangemen who did this. Oh, that he held a brief on the other side! But it was growing too hot for the Prelates, and in 1876 and in 1877 (note the date always) this Prefect of the Holy Congregation changed his tune accordingly. Surely, Mr. Blake has been but a poor student of history, or, if not, must have read it to little purpose.

Immediately after the decrees of Infallibility had been passed, there were great mutual congratulations and rejoicings. With every inch of canvas set, with a blue sky above, and tranquil waters all around, the ship of the Pope had left the old Port exultant, passengers and crew and Captain mutually interchanging words of happy omen, but soon angry clouds gather in the horizon, and an occasional squall strikes the ship, and the mates order the crew to trim their sails, for that they are carrying too much canvas, and soon the storm grows wilder, and the remaining sheets get torn, and the spars begin to creak, and soon the new-old ship, damaged and water-logged, has to sail the best she can under bare poles.

Even so it was: brave words at first: refuse them heaven and sew up their pockets: let them starve here and go to the other place hereafter. They well deserve it, for running counter to the Pope, who has condemned the freedom of the press, and would gag every one of them, if he only had the power. But in a few years—nous avons changé tout cela—they have to trim and unsay, to suit the occasion; for 1876 is *not* 1873 or 1875—any one can see that—and Bishop Bourget must draw in his horns, and the Prefect of the Holy Congregation eat his words, and Archbishop Lynch write his party letters *secretly*. Is it not Macaulay who tells us that a blunder is sometimes worse than a crime; and this of his grace was one, because it was found out. Yes; that is what makes it so painful; it was *found out*.

Oh, may the honest Catholic say—for Catholics are not to be confounded with Catholicism.—Oh, Syllabus; oh, infallibility; into what a raging sea of troubles have ye not plunged us! Indeed, I doubt myself, that if the storm they have raised had been foreseen, the Encyclicals and the Syllabus would ever have taken the shape they have taken, would ever have been so penned, and sent out among the nations in their crude and naked state. In fact, the whole Vatican Council may prove by and by so wholly inconvenient, so ludicrously absurd, that its authority will have to be denied altogether: for was it not a packed jury of Ultra-Montane Priests and cunning Jesuits, and was it not rife with cabal and intrigue, and scarce any freedom allowed at all, and, when the final vote was taken, was it not found, that those who could not be coaxed, or coaxed, or intimidated had just left in sorrow or disgust: and, if the authority of other councils has been denied, why not that of this? For Popery, *semper eadem* in print, can shift its ground,

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and change, and contradict itself, and yet be the old infallible Popery still. What its chief teachers proclaim its doctrines to-day, are not its doctrines the next. In Keenan's "Controversial Catechism," having, the author tells us, "the high approbation of Archbishop Hughes, the Right Rev. Drs. Kyle and Carruthers; as well as the approval of the Right Rev. Dr. Gillis and the Right Rev. Dr. Murdoch,"—four of them Vicars-Apostolic—we read the following:

Q.—"Must not Catholics believe the Pope in himself to be infallible?"

A.—"This is a Protestant invention; it is no article of the Catholic faith; no decision of his can oblige, under pain of heresy, unless it be received and enforced by the teaching body—that is, by the bishops of the Church."

Only fancy this being "a Protestant invention"! But, as Mr. Gladstone says, in the last edition, "the above crucial question and answer were quietly dropped out." Thus what is asserted with the utmost dogmatic confidence in one page is contradicted in the next, and yet, forsooth, Popery is, throughout and always, *the same*. I cannot help thinking that Pius IX would gladly have been rid of the Syllabus, if only he could.

"I see," says Mr. Gladstone, "this great personage (the Pope) under ill advice, aiming heavy and, as far as he can make them so, deadly blows at the freedom of mankind, and therein not only at the structure of society, but at the very constitution of our nature;"

and yet, with all this shifting and changing, Mr. Blake is content to take the convenient opinion of the underlings of the church.

"Instances," says Dr. Newman, "frequently occur when it is successfully maintained by some new writer that the Pope's act does not imply what it has seemed to imply; and questions which seemed to be closed are after a course of years re-opened." And, adds Mr. Gladstone, it does not appear whether there is any limit to this 'course of years.'

This seems a very convenient doctrine for the *semper eadem* boast. Cardinal Newman—but what is his opinion, as of final authority, really worth—tells us, that,

"the lighter punishments, though temporal and corporal, such as shutting up in a monastery, *prison*, *flogging*, and others of the same kind, short of effusion of blood, the Church, *jure suo*, can inflict."

But if the infallible Pope refuses to be held to this, bad and horrible as it is, and asserts that his *jus* has the wider range of even life and death, who is there to stay his hand?

For the Church, says Cardinal Manning,

"has a supreme judicial office, in respect to the moral law, over all nations and over all persons, both governors and governed."

And again;

"If Christian princes and their laws deviate from the law of God, the Church has authority from God to judge of that deviation, and *by all its powers* to enforce the correction of that departure from justice."

It is true, indeed, that Bishop Vaughan tells us that "it will never, as we believe, be exercised again;" but we are sick of such very convenient unauthorised statements, and refuse to be comforted by them.

But Mr. Blake thinks that he has scored a point against the Orange-

men of Ontario, and I know so little of the matter really, that I will not say he has not. I wrote to a gentleman in Montreal on the subject, from whom I received the following reply: "Mr. Blake is perfectly right in saying, as he did, that the Orangemen of Ontario worked [? acted] in the interest of the Ultramontane party of Quebec. But Mr. Blake should have added that the reason of this lay in their *confounding* the Canadian Conservatives with the British—two parties bearing the same *name*, it is true, but whose aims and traditions are as different as day and night". . . Again he says, "the Ultra-Conservatives of Quebec would put all Protestants under the feet of their priests." "Therefore," he adds, "Quebec Orangemen are for the most part, I believe, Grits." A good cry is often half the battle, and it was so here, according to this gentleman. He thinks (and he is no party man) that the Orangemen were misled by the name Conservative. But, again, he writes me that "in a Protestant country like Ontario, the Orange brethren should be Conservatives."

But arguing on the *supposition* that it would be unwise on the part of Orangemen not to vote Conservative here; how I ask, were they to *prevent* the pro-priest-rule Catholics from voting Conservative likewise there.

This gentleman also adds, "I very much regret the narrow fanaticism which prevented the passing of the Bill for Orange Incorporation—a very innocent and harmless measure after all. Here in Quebec, if three priests or half a dozen nuns get together, they get an act of incorporation: without any difficulty, often with exemptions from public burdens." But in this country of Protestantism—of Protestantism, the very bulwark of human rights and liberties—our members and legislators are generally so alarmed at the idea of losing the Catholic vote, that they are willing, rather than lose it, to burke or dodge any measure that seems likely to offend them, no matter how just it may be in itself. Conservatism and Gritism sway us too much, when right and truth should be our highest aims. I hope, however, that neither in Ontario nor in Quebec will Orangemen be again misled, but will come to an understanding in the matter, and be governed by things, not by names.

But if, as Archbishop Lynch lets it escape him, in his secret letter to Mr. Higgins, that he is "most anxious to sustain the Mowat Government," in as much as "the first act of the new [Conservative] government would be to incorporate the Orange order;" and if Orangemen were, equally with the Archbishop, aware, that their chances were *nil* under a Grit administration, but that they were certain of success under a Conservative one, were they to fling from them their one *only* chance of gaining an object so dear to them, by voting against the only party who were willing to do anything for them? And if the implication involved in the Archbishop's letter be correct, I do not see how any Orangeman henceforth can vote for Mr. Blake or Mr. Mowat. And if the party, on either side, will not do them justice—will not come out *fairly and squarely* on the question—will not by their votes and open advocacy commit themselves to this fair statement—that, while they

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incorporate the Peres Oblats and Catholic Bishops, they will not deny incorporation to a body of Protestants, whose avowed principles are at once just and tolerant, and whose conduct, as an organization, is citizen-like and good—then, I say, putting aside Mr. Blake and Mr. Mowat on the one part, and Sir John Macdonald on the other, *if they are unwilling to go with them zealously and fully in a solemn matter of equal, impartial right*, let them choose as a leader some honest, fearless, outspoken man, who will refuse no one his rights, be he Catholic or Orangeman; but will act towards all alike as the common citizens of a common country. We have been governed too long on a principle of balancing and expediency: let us open a new chapter in our history, and see how it will answer to govern on a principle of *right*. If justice be the interest of every man, can we not forego party, and work for right. If Orangemen ever advocate Protestant ascendancy, they only mean thereby the ascendancy of the great Protestant principle of civil and religious liberty equally for all, not some specialty of privilege only for themselves; nor have they, in saying this, an esoteric doctrine for the initiated, but a more convenient one for outsiders. What they speak they think; and they are ready to guarantee to Catholics heartily the equal liberty to think and speak, too.

Protestants have differences of opinion amongst themselves, which proves two things (firstly), that they are free; and, so, think, as if we were not automatons but men; and (secondly) that the breed of fools is not yet extinct; for they often differ where the matter is plain enough. But St. Paul tells us, that the Christians of his day (Rom. xiv:) differed in opinion, and yet he finds no fault with them for doing so, but only with those who tried dogmatically to impose on them their own belief. But Catholics agree not in *what* they think, but only in this, that they resolve to think *alike*—to think as the church thinks, without knowing really what, on many points, the church does think.

Mr. Blake may have done a good stroke of business for himself and his party by his fierce onslaught on Orangeism, and by the toothsome morsel of gentle palliative and sweet excuses he has offered for Popery. But if I can read history aright; if I can trace effects to their pregnant causes, and deduce from principles their sure results; then, has he dealt a heavy blow to the sacred cause of humanity and truth; nor can I believe that great (and it was a great) speech would ever have been made, if the same large majority of Orangemen had voted with him, that were wont to vote for his opponent.

I myself, on one specially exciting occasion, was treated not over-gently by some Orangemen, who either mistook me, or thought differently from me. But am I to judge too harshly of men, when the cool intellect is in temporary abeyance, and passion for the moment takes the place of reason; and is it ever safe or wise to attribute to a whole body what may be true of only a few or of many of them.

But why—and here I suppose I have Mr. Blake on my side—

these fearful and arrogant claims of such exorbitant powers on the part of Catholicism? On what foundation are they built? A claim so momentous in its consequences, so dangerous to human liberty and social well-being, ought, surely, to be stated in the most unequivocal language, to be fortified by the most unassailable arguments, and to rest securely on the widest and most solid basis; whereas, on the contrary, the whole thing is like a inverted pyramid, its claims and pretensions growing up and swelling out in exact proportion to the slightness of the base on which they are built. It is one long series of assumptions, largely dependent for their credibility on the loudness and daringness and constancy with which they are shouted.

But once admit, in opposition to Scripture, reason, and common sense, the force of human and churchly authority, and you are on the slope that leads downward towards the lowest pit of mental slavery and whole intellectual renunciation, till, at length, all natural objects swim uncertain before your eyes, and you can believe, or dream you believe, any thing and every thing no matter how absurd, even that a wafer, however like a wafer it looks, and tastes, and handles, contains and is the body of a man who, eighteen centuries before, walked and talked with his disciples in Galilee, and that his flesh, and bones, and whole body are between the eater's teeth. Truly might the Philosopher Averoes, in the eleventh century, in presence of this incredible (but as he thought, Christian) belief, exclaim, "I have enquired into all religions, and have found none more foolish than that of the Christian, because that very God they worship, they with their teeth devour." Yet give yourself over with childish credulity to *authority*, and you may believe (as the child believes the Arabian Nights' Entertainments) any thing whatever, and hug yourself in the thought that (*credo quia incredibile*) the more incredible the greater the merit of the faith. Then may you believe with Rome, that a man acknowledgedly a bad man, or a heretic, or an unbeliever may yet be an infallible Pope. And what a picture of things does the Roman Catholic historian, Baronius, present of the tenth century of the church.

"Behold," says he, "the gooth year of the Redeemer begins, in which a new age commences, which by reason of its asperity and barrenness of good has been wont to be called the *iron* age, and by reason of the deformity of its exuberant evil the *lead*en age, and by its poverty of writers the *dark* age.

"To our shame and grief be it spoken, how many monsters, horrible to behold, were intruded by them—the Princess—into that seat, (the seat of the Popes.) How many evils originated from them, how many tragedies were perpetrated. With what filth, it was her fate to be besprinkled, who had been without spot or wrinkle, with what stench to be infected, with what impurities to be defiled, and by these things to be blackened into perpetual infamy These were unhappy times, when each Pope, thus intruded, abolished the acts of his predecessors."

"What was then the face of the Holy Roman Church. How exceedingly foul was it, when most powerful and sordid, and abandoned woman ruled at Rome, at whose will the sees were changed, Bishops were presented, and

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Such were *these beautiful middle ages*, when this system was at
its height, and had full play and swing, with no Orangeism to
confront it. I think it is much improved to-day by being so con-
fronted. But what of the succession? Or were these, too, true
popes?

But if Orangemen believe to-day,—and Lord Acton and the
Pope tell them they are right in believing—that the old decrees
and the old line of conduct (owing to the Popes never being able
to recede from any position once taken, tied as they are to it by
their beautiful infallibility) must always be persisted in, are they
very terribly deserving of censure, if they fail to be blinded to the
real truth, or 'to be won over as easily as Mr. Blake has been by a
little soft solder of words; and if, therefore, they continue their
little organization and prepare themselves for future possible even-
tualities.

My arguments are not intended to be directed against Catholics
but—a wholly different thing—against Catholicism. Catholics do
not know that the principles of Catholicism really are what they
are really. They can hardly believe that the principles of the
Syllabus and the naked statements of Lord Acton truly represent
the immutable principles of frank Catholicism. If Catholics will
listen to the words of reason, to the plain teaching of Christ, and
to the principles and advice of Orangemen; if, on impartial inves-
tigation, they find what I have urged to be true, and will come
over to the side of freedom and humanity, then will there be no
longer any need of Orangeism. To-day Popery is the Pope. The
whole matter, therefore, lies in a nutshell, Mr. Blake! Let the
Pope pronounce, in unmistakable language, officially, that, as far
as persecution in any shape or degree is concerned, it was an
egregious crime and folly, and that the whole past in this particu-
lar was a terrible nightmare of the mind, from which the church
has at length awakened, and has resolved henceforth to persecute
no more, but to act for the time to come in the spirit, and up to
the letter of the plain commands of Christ: let him decree simply
and authoritatively that henceforth persecution for any departure
from the belief held by him is morally and legally a crime; and
I, for one, will henceforth live content; and Protestants will be
only too glad to allow him and his people to hold what creed or
speculative opinions they choose. Let Mr. Blake with the aid of
the Catholic Hierarchy effect this for us—it ought not to be very
difficult, if, indeed, the Pope and the Bishops are really at one on
the subject—and the Orangemen and the whole Protestant com-
munity, forgetting his speech, will owe him and His Holiness such
a debt of gratitude as can never be repaid.

But this would have to be conceded not as an up and down sec-
saw of expediency, to suit the convenience of the hour; but frank-

ly granted as a pregnant principle of *right*, and not by the underlings of office however high, but by the central and supreme head of Catholicism himself. It would not do to have it come to us couched in the kind of language of Archbishop Lynch to Mr. Mackenzie, "It would be very *imprudent* in a priest...to become a warm partisan of either party. It would neutralize *his* influence for good"—a precept, be it remarked, which Archbishop Lynch scarcely observed himself: or did he conceive its application was excused to the higher order of the Episcopate: or did he regard the whole thing as a matter of pure expediency—a "prudent" concession in a free country to the spirit of the age, and forced on him through fear of the irritated Protestants taking alarm. The comments of the *Mail* on this letter are so good, that I cannot forbear quoting them. "If," says this brilliant writer,

"the crisis was one in which the Church was in danger, why not have boldly issued a pastoral? Why not have instructed his bishops and priests? Why should he have selected this infelicitous intoxicant to be the agent of his wishes? Simply because his Grace knew that the rubbish in that letter was rubbish and something worse, and that no man of sense would believe a word of it—though it might have its due effect among the people of lesser intelligence, to whom necessarily and mainly it would be read."

I read Mr. Blake's speech throughout with great care, and the impression made on me by reading it and by some things that have been done in this parliament, is this, that, in Mr. Blake's estimate of it, Orangeism is an unmitigated nuisance, a dangerous and disintegrating element in the social compact, which Catholicism is NOT; and that the Orangeman is so evil a member of society, that, while a Catholic Bishop may become, by the Act of the Dominion Parliament, a corporation sole to hold property, an Orangeman ought not to be suffered to hold a single foot of soil for the purposes of his order by such Act.

It seems so strange that, in a country all whose institutions are supposed to be based on the principle of equal human rights, an organization founded on the principle of inequality of rights, exclusiveness, and domineering, and which always has been and now is a disturbing and dangerous element in society, should be granted by special legislation special privileges; and that a Protestant organization, founded on the opposite principles, *i.e.*, on those of only equal rights, should be denied them. That while the one party gets what it wants by direct action, the other is refused it in our Dominion; and even in Protestant Ontario can obtain, only by indirect, circuitous, and expensive modes of procedure, the power to hold a foot of land for the purposes of their organization. Again, as Orangemen argue—I quote from a quotation cited by Mr. Blake—

"We must not permit any political feeling in this matter, as it is very important to our institution to have a *Dominion* Act of incorporation.

"Without such Act, our noble brethren in the Province of Quebec will be without one, as you all know it is no use for them to ask for incorporation in their Provincial Legislature, where Protestants are in the minority."

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Such an act, by covering the whole field, would give to all equal rights, and even Mr. Blake allows that there are cases that justify interference.

An incident most laughable, if it had not been so painful, as indicative of the temper of Commons' House, and of their plain injustice, occurred at the moment of the rejection of the Orange Incorporation Bill. Just as the Speaker from his chair had announced, as the result of the voting, that the Orange Bill was lost, a message came from the Senate to say, that the bill for the incorporation of the Rev'ds. "Peres Oblats," a Catholic fraternity, the sworn friends of Rome, had passed, at which there was a regular titter. It is thus that we are baffled and laughed at. It is all considered a good joke.

If the Orangeman wants an act of incorporation, argues Mr. Blake, let him go to his Provincial Parliament for it. But he did go, and when his plea was granted by the chosen representatives of the people of Ontario, the Bill was reserved for the imprimatur of the Governor General, who sent it back, since it lay within the competency of the Provincial Government to confirm it. Thus is the Orangeman met everywhere with obstruction, tossed among the politicians, like a shuttlecock, from hand to hand. Hit him hard, he has no friends!

Now, if Protestants were to argue that Catholicism is the Pope, the sole authoritative voice in Catholic Christendom, and that he has pronounced the verdict of condemnation of such beliefs as form the basis of modern society and of our most pronounced civilization—conquests won from barbarism and intolerance—and that, therefore, the Catholic Church ought not to be allowed an act of incorporation to enable it to hold a foot of ground, how would not the country ring with the insults offered to the faith of Catholics, and with the cry of Protestant intolerance.

For myself let me say, that I have ever been the steady friend of Catholics, always conceding to them, and demanding for them, equal and unstinted rights, as men and citizens; though not, I say it frankly, as Catholics. To some of them I am sincerely attached. One of them, Father Stafford, was an intimate and ever welcome friend, who seldom came to Kingston without coming out of his way to see me and mine; and, without my ever failing to declare fully my protesting opinions, we always lived in the mutual interchange of little kindnesses and courtesies to the end. And I know that in my family, and by many Protestants in Kingston and elsewhere, his too early death has been deeply deplored. My difficulty is not with Catholics, but with the Pope. His pronouncements against almost all that I hold most dear and cherished in the world—against the very vital bonds and ligaments that hold together all free societies, and without which—to all who have a soul left in them—life itself were intolerable; against free speech, a free press, free thought, and free institutions; and, so, to have

to fret our hearts out, like a newly caged bird, and beat our wings in vain against the fate that wires us in, when the free air and open sky and glorious sunshine lie outside us, but are not ours; and, where the stimulating food of congenial thought invites the healthy Galileo-appetite within to feast and be satisfied, how terrible to be forced to accept hypocritically an empty lie and call it living truth; and, through fear of the rack and stake, never to dare to open our mouths honestly, while our thoughts, all the while, burn within us, and we long to give them vent; to be denied the pleasure that comes from the interchange of honest thought, and the human sympathy of free, truth-loving minds, and only allowed to say our amen to every utterance of senility in its second childhood; this were unbearable, indeed. Yet such was the state of things, wholly intolerable to free minds, under Popery of old, and such would it be again, if Rome could only bring it back.

Now, is there any thing like this, Mr. Blake, in the Orange programme? Does not the constitution that binds them guarantee equal freedom and equal rights, the world over, to every citizen of the common-weal, be he Catholic or Protestant, Negro, Jew or Indian. Are they not banded together in defence of human rights, and not to destroy them.

My concern throughout this paper, as I have said, has not been with Catholics, but with Catholicism. I am far from affirming, what I do not believe, that Catholics are saturated with the opinions of the Vatican, or that they are opposed to what the Pope opposes, or cherish in their hearts what he contemplates in his. I do not believe that there are great numbers of just and thoughtful Catholics who would state in so many words, or in the substance of them, as their deliberate belief, what the Pope sends forth to the world in his Syllabus and Encyclicals and other utterances as *his*.

But those definitions of the Pope are irreversible by any one. Pope Pius, "Pontificatus nostri Anno XXV.," himself tells us, that they are so; thus: "pro supremâ suâ Apostolicâ auctoritate . . . idioque ejus Romani Pontificis definitiones ex sese non autem ex consensu Ecclesiæ *irreformabiles* esse." But as Mr. Gladstone says, "Far be it from me to make any Roman Catholic, except the great hierarchic power, and those who egged it on, responsible for the portentous proceedings which he have witnessed" in the doings of this Vatican Council: and, again, "the claim now made upon him [the Catholic] by the authority which he solemnly . . . acknowledges requires him to surrender his mental and moral freedom, and to place his loyalty and civil duty at the mercy of another." And, so, when Magna Charta was forced from King John, Pope Innocent III. pronounced his popely anathema against it. How strange, then, in view of all this, sound the words of the great Catholic Bishop Doyle to Lord Liverpool in 1826, "We are

taunted with the proceedings of Popes. What, my Lord, have we Catholics to do with the proceedings of Popes, or why should we be made accountable for them?"

Before closing this paper, I cannot resist the temptation of quoting some passages from a late very eloquent and well-reasoned sermon, preached to the Orangemen of St. John, New Brunswick, by the Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, (and brought under my notice after a good part of this had been printed) on the text Mark xiii: 24, "Do ye not therefore err because ye know not the Scriptures."

To the Orangemen he says:

"You publish your constitution to the world that all who will read may know the tie which binds you together and the objects aimed at in your organization. You are secret in so far that you claim the right possessed by every society of transacting its business in *private*, adopting measures for *recognizing its members* and testing their claims to brotherhood. You rest upon a noble historic basis, commemorating in your name one of the grandest men that ever lived, and in your chief anniversary the triumph of principles which must ever be dear to the lovers of *civil and religious liberty*."

Then, in contrast to the words of Christ in this text, he says,

"In his 'Syllabus of Errors,' published in 1864, the late Pius IX. classes together in sec. iv., 'Socialism, communism, secret societies, Biblical societies and clerico-liberal societies,' adding, 'pests of this kind are frequently rebuked in the severest terms.' The *Freeman's Journal* affirms, 'The Bible Society is the deepest scheme ever laid by Satan in order to delude the human family, and bring them down to his eternal possession,' and Bishop Spottswood declares, 'I would rather a half of the people of this nation should be brought to the stake and burned, than one man should read the Bible, and form his judgment from its contents.'"

Again says he,

"Bishop O'Connor of Pittsburgh is frank enough to say, 'Religious liberty is merely endured until the opposite can be carried into effect *without peril to the Catholic world*' (Rome in America, p. 11), and the Archbishop of St. Louis proclaims in his *Shepherd of the Valley* (April 10, 1852), 'If ever Catholics gain—which they certainly will do—an immense numerical majority, *religious freedom in this country is at an end*. So say our enemies, so we believe.'"

And once more, he adds,

"The late Vatican Council declared 'whoever says that Christ has conferred upon the Church the power to direct *only* by advice and persuasion those who turn aside, not to *compel* them by orders, by coercion, and by external verdicts and statutory *punishments*, let him be anathema.' (Rome in Am. p. 88). And in so deciding, it only formulated the opinions of the greatest theologians of the Church. Dens, whose theology is a text book in many Roman Catholic seminaries, says: 'It is the duty of the Roman Catholic Church to compel heretics, *by corporal punishment*, to submit to the faith,' and St. Thomas Aquinas, the study of whose writings has been revived under the present occupant of the Pontifical throne, is of the opinion 'that heretics are justly punished with *death*.'"

But the whole sermon merits the deepest attention of all who desire to see how things stand really between Rome and us. And if Mr. Blake thinks so highly of the statements of the dignitaries of the church, and is content with them, he has full opportunity of studying them here. Still if we want to know what really Catholicism is, we must go to the *fountain-head* of all authority, the infallible Pope, and not to either *emphasising* or *explaining-away* cardinals or bishops or any one, but to the Popes themselves.

Then we get away from all the see-sawing of convenient interpretation to the *ipsissima verba* of infallibility itself.

But Mr. Blake, led by the nose by convenient unauthorized statements of the underlings, and unwarned by the words of Bishop Doyle and the Catholic Hierarchy, and ignoring, or being uninformed as to the real state of the case, as I have shewn you above, quotes for disapprobation the language of that stout defender of Orangeism, Mr. White of East Hastings; thus:

"The day was not far distant, if we did not show more pluck and courage in opposing the growing influence of the Papacy in this Province, when we should be obliged to fight, not as Conservatives or Reformers, but as Protestants, to free ourselves from the trammels which Rome's agents sought to place on us and our institutions."

and thought he had, so, gained an easy victory. But think you that, in a court of law, Mr. Blake would have been satisfied with the testimony of the defendant, or with a copy or pseudo-copy, when he might have the original document itself.

And is there anything so terribly unreasonable in the following resolution of the Middlesex County Orange Lodge, also quoted by Mr. Blake:

"That the County Lodge of the County of Middlesex of the Loyal Orange Association is of opinion, that while those who last year voted for our incorporation did but their duty in having shown their willingness to accord us those rights which we, as Orangemen, are ever ready to extend to all sections of Her Majesty's loyal subjects, we have no words to sufficiently express our strong condemnation of the course of those Protestant representatives, especially from Protestant Ontario, who from political spleen voted to deny us (their Protestant fellow-citizens) those rights which they are always willing sycophantly to grant to Roman Catholics; Resolved, further, that we, the Representatives of the Orangemen of the County of Middlesex, will not be satisfied until our full rights in the matter of incorporation are properly accorded to us, our motto being 'No Surrender and no compromise,' and that a copy of the resolutions be sent to the public press."

or in those (also quoted by him) of Col. Tyrwhill:

"He counselled organization and unity on the part of all Protestants irrespective of politics in order to stem the aggressive march of the Papacy in this our beloved Dominion."

Mr. Gladstone, shocked and grieved by the Vatican Decrees, and by the Encyclicals and Syllabus of the Pope, had written a very able pamphlet on the subject, which was assailed on all sides by Catholics with a perfect storm of words; after reading which with due attention, he wrote a rejoinder, in which he affirms that, instead of over-stating the case, he had understated it. From this rejoinder, at the risk of seeming tedious, I make the following quotations:

"The Vatican Decrees do, in the strictest sense, establish for the Pope a supreme command over loyalty and civil duty.

"Not even against men who voted under pressure, against their better mind, for these deplorable Decrees—nay, not even against those who resisted them and now enforce them—is it for me to utter a word of censure. The just appreciation of their difficulties, the judgment of their conduct, lies in a region far too high for me. To assail the system is the Alpha and Omega of my desire; and it is to me matter of regret that I am not able to handle it as it deserves without reflecting upon the persons, be they who they may, that have brought it into the world; have sedulously fed it in its weakness; have reared it up to its baleful maturity; have forced it upon those who now force

it upon others; are obtaining for it from day to day fresh command over the pulpit, the press, the confessional, the teacher's chair, the bishop's throne: so that every father of a family, and every teacher in the Latin communion, shall, as he dies, be replaced by some one *more deeply imbued* with the new colour, until at the last, in that moiety of the whole Christian family, nothing shall remain except an *Asian monarchy*; nothing but one giddy height of despotism, and one dead level of religious subservency.

"I must avow, then, that I do not feel exactly the same security for the future as for the present. Still less do I feel the same security for other lands as for this.

"I am confident that if a system so radically bad is to be made or kept innocuous, the first condition for attaining such a result is that its movements should be *carefully watched*, and, *above all*, that the bases on which they work should be FAITHFULLY AND UNFLINCHINGLY EXPOSED. Nor can I quit this portion of the subject without these remarks. The satisfactory views of Archbishop Manning on the present rule of civil allegiance have not prevented him from giving his countenance as a responsible editor to the lucubrations of a gentleman who denies liberty of conscience, and asserts the right to persecute *when there is the power*; a right which, indeed, he has not himself disclaimed.

"Nor must it be forgotten that *the very best* of all the declarations we have heard from those who allow themselves to be entangled in the meshes of the Vatican Decrees, are, every one of them, uttered *subject to the condition* that, upon orders from Rome, if such orders should issue, they shall be *qualified or retracted or reversed*.

'A breath can unmake them, as a breath has made.'

"And when Dr. Newman, not being Pope, contradicts and nullifies what the Pope declares, whatever we may wish, we can not renounce the use of our eyes.

"The lesson received is this. Although pledges were given, although their validity was firmly and even passionately asserted, although the subject-matter was one of civil allegiance, 'no pledge from Catholics,' says Cardinal Newman, 'was of any value to which Rome was not a party.'

"But this was the very assurance which, not a single and half-recognized divine, but the whole synod of Irish prelates gave to the British Government in 1810, and which the Council of the Vatican has authoritatively falsified."

What, then, is the real value of Mr. Blake's quotations from dignitaries of the church. Are they not the emptiest words—*vox et præterea nihil*—but not a feather's weight of consequence as argument. Oh, that—unless he sees the error of his ways—he would eschew politics, and confine himself to the bar where his great talents, and eloquence, and reasoning powers are sure, as they ever have been, to be fully appreciated. But, oh, no politics, until he is better read on the subject!

I have shewn you how the theory of the church and her dogmatic teaching influence not only men's speculative opinions or modes of thinking, but their political actions; and as a notable example of this, I cite a passage quoted by Mr. Blake in his great speech:

"In conversation, along with twenty other gentlemen, with Sir Hector Langevin, Mr. Bunting said: 'Sir Hector, we must have incorporation' What was the reply? Sir Hector said: 'So far as incorporation is concerned, I personally wish you to have it, but I am opposed to all secret societies, because my church is opposed to them. . . . My bishops and priests tell us, the members of the church, not to vote for and support any such societies.'"

Personally I wish you to have it; but my church says, No: and I, the echo of her voice, say no, accordingly. The priests and bishops "tell" me what to do, and I do it. My politics and my

conscience are in keeping of the church, and what she commands, I am bound to execute.

"To-day," says Mr. Blake, "what are you [Orangemen] doing? You are promoting these calumnies in reference to another church. You are coming forward and declaring that the tenets of this church, which you do not hold, are detestable, and that every true Protestant must take the same position."

But I think I have proved by the amplest and clearest evidence, that far from being calumnies, they are the gravest and most undeniable of truths.

If anywhere I may seem to have spoken in too strong terms of Mr. Blake I hope I may be pardoned, especially, if I take shelter under the example he has himself set me, when he says,

"I say that men will be misled by designing politicians, who are using the cloak of religion and the cloak of charity to promote party politics."

Now, that we may have an idea of the kind of education to which we should be subjected, if Rome had her way, I quote the following from Bishop Charbonnel:

"Jesus Christ has confided the mission of instruction, which has civilized the world, to no others than the Apostles and their successors to the end of time.

"It is their right so sacred and inalienable, that every wise and paternal government has made laws respecting instruction only in harmony with the teaching of the Church—the Bishops united to their supreme and universal Head; and this right is so inviolable, that of late, as well as in former times, in France, in Belgium, in Prussia, in Austria, as in Ireland, the Bishops, with the Pope, have done *everything to overthrow or modify every School or University system* opposed to the mission given by Jesus Christ to his sacred College."

"It is here," comments a vigorous writer, "clearly claimed, that the Pope and Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church are the only persons authorized by God himself to direct the education of youth, and therefore, that all others undertaking that work are invading the prerogative of God; that all legislation on the subject must have the sanction of the Bishops with the Pope; and that they have done, and will do, all in their power to overthrow or modify every system of public instruction, *from the School to the University*, which is not under their control."

No, Mr. Blake: if you seem to have forgotten that "eternal vigilance is the price" that liberty exacts from her lovers, the Orangeman has not forgotten; but is ready at all times to stand up not for his own liberties only, but is bound, by the very constitution which makes him one, to grant to others the rights and liberties he claims for himself. Is there any Romish constitution that rings out the same clear note that does his? If so, (and, oh, that it were so) let him shew it. But let him not throw us back on unauthorized teachers, and pseudo-copies and convenient counsels and interpretations, but give us the original. Orangemen are prepared to shew him their's, about which, in its clear ringing language there can be no mistake.

What Orangemen want, then, is, not to suppress or be suppressed, but only a fair open world for themselves and all men. Nothing more they ask, and nothing less will they take.

J. ANTISELL ALLEN.

Owing to circumstances unnecessary to relate, the publication of this pamphlet has been unavoidably delayed.

J. A. A.

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